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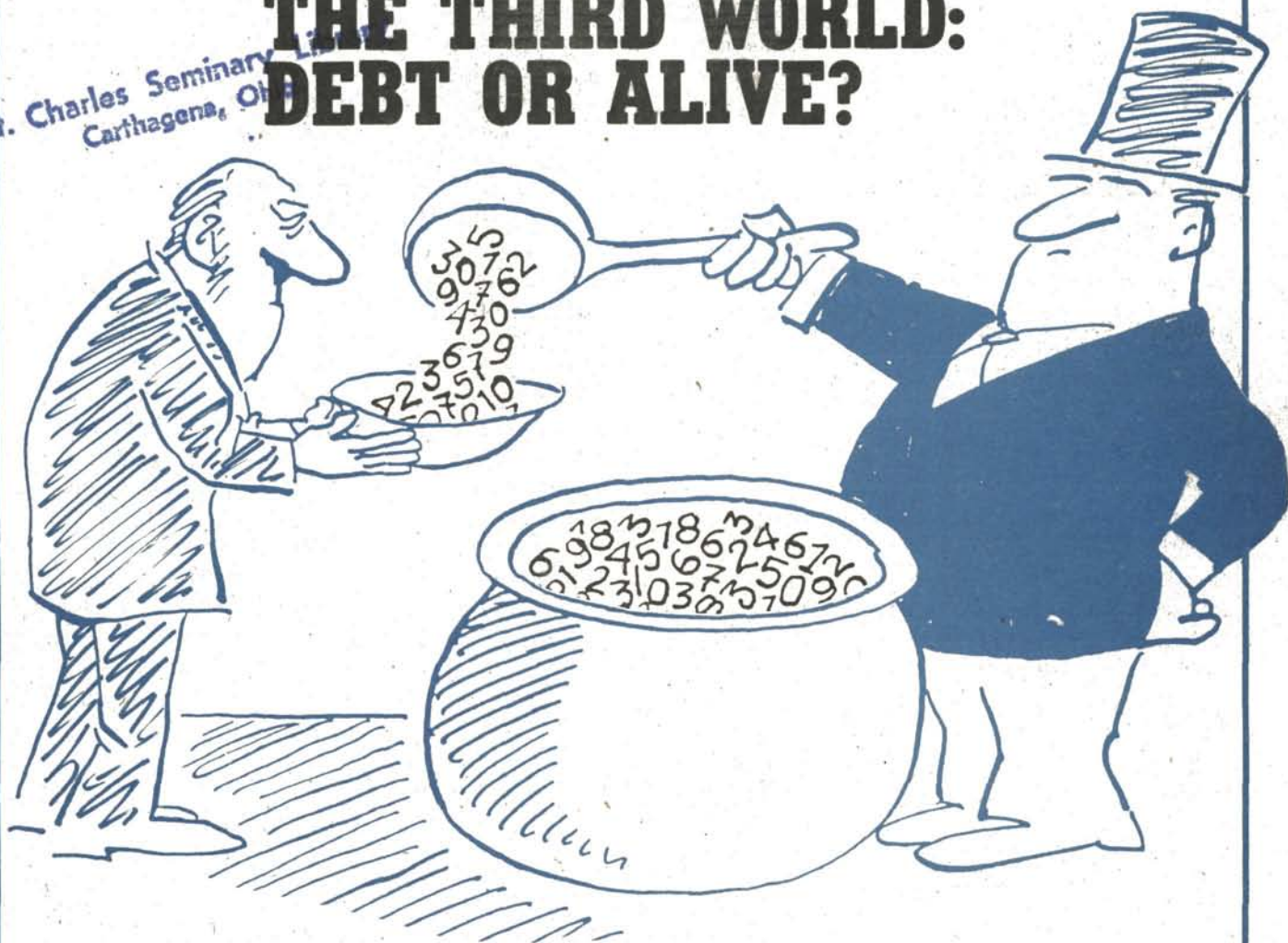
February 27, 1987

COMMONWEAL

KENNETH P. JAMESON

THE THIRD WORLD: DEBT OR ALIVE?

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FIVE POEMS THAT SPELLED DANGER

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CORRESPONDENCE

Tolerance testing

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: Regarding your editorial, "A Tumor Deeply Lodged" [December 26]: Surrounded by blasted hopes from the right and from the left, from both political and religious organizations, it is becoming increasingly difficult to know to what to apply one's allegiance. But as I observe ever more vigilantly the practices of our society, I know one thing that I cannot accept: lies. Whether in others or in oneself this dastardly defense deprives the personality of its right to free and open inquiry. It stifles the individual while falsely promising to promote the good of all. Refusal to tolerate lies is the only thing around which we can and must rally.

MARK SELLERS

Patients & patience

Worcester, Mass.

To the Editors: In "Food & Water: an Ethical Burden" [November 21], Professor James Walter concludes his commentary on the *Brophy* case by asking, "If we allow 'quality of life' judgments, how and where do we draw the line to prevent ourselves from slipping down the slope into the euthanasia of severely handicapped patients who are conscious?"

The answer to this question was given by Judge Arnold Stein in the same *Jobes* case discussed by T. Patrick Hill and attorney Paul Armstrong in the interview immediately following Walter's essay. It is not a happy one.

Consider the medical reports on Nancy Ellen Jobes's status: "She responds to touch and sound stimuli. She follows the movements of a person with her eyes. She reacts to pain with a facial grimace," said Pavle Topalovic, M.D., an attending physician. "The patient responds to verbal commands. Her EEG record is significant because it is not severely abnormal. She appears to make intermit-

tent, purposeful use of the meager remaining functions of her nervous system. She is severely disabled . . . but I emphasize that most studies on the subject specifically distinguish severe disability from the vegetative state," said Allan H. Ropper, M.D., Professor of Neurology, Harvard Medical School and Director of Neurology and Neurosurgery at Massachusetts General Hospital.

"She was able to fixate her gaze on me and on other persons who approached her bed. It was clear that the patient was able to hear and that she could make a number of purposeful movements in direct response to a request or command. When trying to perform certain requested movements, such as turning her head and wiggling her toes, her face took on an appearance that one associates with intense effort, followed by a look of satisfaction and excitement when she succeeded. She is able to perceive and react to emotional stimuli as well as to noxious ones. Moreover, considering her extreme motor incapacity, it is conceivable that her awareness is considerably greater than we can measure," said Maurice Victor, M.D., Professor of Neurology at Case Western Reserve School of Medicine.

In the face of these expert medical evaluations, which suggest that Nancy Ellen Jobes was *at least* "conscious," Judge Stein ruled that she might be denied food and fluids, and so permitted to die of dehydration or starvation. Professor Walter's question is accordingly not hypothetical, but (already) historical: the legal and medical communities in this society have *already* overshot any line that might prevent us from starving severely handicapped but conscious individuals.

In *Brophy*, Judge David Kopelman found that the benefits of food and fluids (which *at a minimum* include continued life) outweighed the associated burdens (which, from the most exclusively patient-centered perspective, must be zero if *Brophy* is truly vegetative) of such

care. From this *patient-centered* perspective, ignoring issues of social cost or family inconvenience, he refused to authorize *Brophy's* starvation. Like Rev. John Connery, I believe that Kopelman judged wisely.

Dr. Leo Alexander, chief medical consultant for the medical section of the Nuremberg War Crimes Trials, concluded his study of the moral degeneration of German medicine thus: "Whatever proportions these crimes finally assumed, it became evident to all who investigated them that they had started from small beginnings. The beginnings at first were merely a subtle shift in the basic attitude of physicians. It started with the acceptance of the attitude, basic in the euthanasia movement, that there is such a thing as life not worthy to be lived."

Some months before his death in July of 1984, Leo Alexander asked a visitor whether he had read an article in the *New England Journal of Medicine* defending the non-feeding of patients like Paul Brophy. Then, shaking his head, this great physician and ethicist offered his final comment on contemporary American medicine: "It is much like Germany in the twenties and thirties. The barriers against killing are coming down."

Many of the witnesses testifying against starvation at the *Brophy* and *Jobes* trials have seen the results of such

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COMMONWEAL



A shadow government

From the start, there have been two ways of looking at the Iran-contraspiracy. One way focuses on the Iran end of the operation. It sees an American executive branch contradicting its own loudly proclaimed policy toward terrorism. It sees an administration appeasing terrorists and fanatics, its thinking processes clouded by illusion and gummed by sentimentality. The crisis is one of sound policy.

A second view focuses on the *contra* end of the operation. It sees an executive branch secretly circumventing the law that Congress passed restricting aid to the *contras*. It sees an administration hospitable to the idea that fighting Communism is a higher responsibility than accountability to the law and the lawmakers. The crisis is more than one of policy; it is one of constitutionality and democracy.

The two views are not mutually exclusive; the difference is a matter of emphasis. To us, who favor the second view, the emphasis is important. The facts, furthermore, seem to be confirming that emphasis. At first, it appeared as though the *contra* funding had been an extra twist, a side bet, to the Iran deal. Increasingly it appears that the Iran deal was one assignment among many given to an established network of public officials and private contractors operating out of the National Security Council. The Iran fiasco was stepchild to the *contra* funding, not vice versa.

The more that is learned about this network, the more ominous it has appeared. It includes assorted arms merchants, gun runners, possibly drug traffickers; it has roots in covert operations of many years ago. (Woven throughout Colonel North's various enterprises are the personal ties he formed in Southeast Asian covert activities during the Vietnam war. Anti-Castro Cuban veterans of the Bay of Pigs have been working with the *contras*—possibly sabotaging the independent anti-Sandinista effort led by Eden Pastora, whom they considered a *Fidelista*.) The names that keep coming up on the books of dummy corporations include people who left government service under clouds, and some with disturbingly close links to Edwin Wilson, the rogue ex-CIA agent apprehended and convicted of supplying Colonel Qaddafi with arms, explosives, and training. All of which may only remind us that covert operations are not apt to be carried out by just anybody, and that once you launch these kinds of activities they are not easily unlaunched.

Still more ominous than some of the unsavory individuals involved in these activities is their conveniently non-governmental structure. For a while this was referred to as "privatization." Just as the Reagan administration had endorsed the idea of subcontracting government tasks of all sorts out to private contractors, now it had supposedly carried the principle right into the field of foreign policy. The Iran-contraspiracy was the work of private contractors receiving funds from private individuals and other governments.

But "privatization" is not the word for what has been going on. To begin with,

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privatization is a perfectly legitimate, although controversial, concept when applied, as it has been in recent years, to the delivery of government services by commercial subcontractors. Whether or not it actually increased efficiency, whether or not it had dubious side effects like dodging union pay scales, it was nonetheless a choice that governments could make and carry out in the open.

The "privatization" of foreign policy, by contrast, was meant precisely to baffle such a choice. Nor were enterprises like the supplying of arms to the *contras* ever genuinely private, even when they were successfully secret. The comparison made between these enterprises and the private aid raised for programs sympathetic to the Sandinista revolution is completely specious. The "private" *contra* funding was obtained in large measure by U.S. government solicitation. In the case of the \$30 million from the Saudis, the payoff derived from a secret condition attached to the sale of American weapons, a condition unknown to Congress when it approved that sale. And are the middlemen in these covert enterprises genuinely private? One government agent sets up a company to provide "cover" or to support some covert project. Another government employee or military officer first retires, then does exactly the same thing. What's the difference—and how do we know? Particularly when the "private" individual or company is lavished with non-secret government contracts, perhaps for the services specified or perhaps for others unspecified.

What the Iran-*contras*piacy investigations are uncovering is a species of shadow government. It is neither private nor public. It is not subject to congressional scrutiny; it evades legal control; it even escapes (conveniently, it seems) close executive supervision. These are fertile fields for paranoia: as one conspiracy buff put it, "All we need now is the Trilateral Commission and a link to the Kennedy assassination." But exaggeration aside, the uneasiness is justified. The existence of an unaccountable shadow branch of government strikes at the heart of democracy.

It is particularly ironic therefore that the shadow government apparently had its roots in a Reagan initiative called Project Democracy. Announced in the president's 1982 speech to Britain's Parliament, Project Democracy was to be a straightforward public-private effort at supporting fledgling democratic forces struggling to gain a foothold in authoritarian lands. Within weeks, we now learn, the administration had decided to transform the program into a vehicle for covert operations. The National Foundation for Democracy turned out to be only the visible tip of the Project Democracy iceberg. (The Endowment's president claims he knew nothing about the covert side, although even the Endowment itself was involved in some curious monkeyshines, like funding a far-right youth group in France, all of which smacked more of anti-Communist networking than pro-democratic assistance.) Below the surface, the administration soon had in place what the *New York Times* has described as "a parallel foreign policy apparatus—complete with its own communications systems, secret envoys, leased ships and airplanes, offshore bank accounts, and corporations," all operating "outside the estab-

lished government decision-making process and beyond the purview of Congress."

Project Democracy reflected a Reagan administration desire to articulate a positive ideological basis for its anti-Soviet foreign policy. It was a vision related to the Reagan Doctrine, committing the U.S. to back insurgents against Communist regimes whenever possible, indeed against dictatorships in general. Whether such a commitment can be a sound element in plotting foreign policy, or whether it is doomed to lead into ideological fantasies and military quagmires, remains an important topic of debate. For the moment, however, the principle of supporting democracy overseas has been swallowed up by the practice. In his 1982 address to Parliament, President Reagan called for a worldwide effort to build up an "infrastructure of democracy" against the restraints of authoritarianism. It was an assignment his administration was evidently not capable of carrying out. The result has been just the opposite: to build up an infrastructure of authoritarianism against the restraints of democracy.

THE ACID TEST

It is nearly a year since President Reagan and Canadian Prime Minister Brian Mulroney cut through the smog and reached an agreement over the cross-boundary problem of acid rain. Both agreed to a five-year, \$5 billion program by governments and industries to take the acid out of the rain. At the time, Canadian critics said Mr. Reagan had given little more than a nebulous commitment to the cleanup. They seem to be right. The president's 1987-88 budget appropriates a paltry \$287 million for the acid rain problem. In Ottawa, there is acid indigestion again. Vice President Bush flew there in January to smooth feathers. His visit only reinforced Canadian perceptions that the U.S. hasn't altered its attitude of "Eat my dust." The problem lingers. The longer it does, the worse it gets.

Acid rain occurs when oxides of sulphur or nitrogen from the burning of fossil fuels combine with moisture in the atmosphere. Through chemical reactions, nitric or sulfuric acid is formed. It falls to earth in rain, sleet, snow, mist, or even in dry form. Last March the National Academy of Sciences issued a comprehensive report on acid rain. It concluded that not only were U.S. lakes being acidified, but that a spreading blight of dying forests in the U.S. could be attributed in part to acid rain.

Earlier this month, medical doctors testified before the Senate Environmental Pollution Subcommittee that acid rain and the pollutants that cause it are a threat to human health. The hearings presented the first strong evidence that acid rain poses a serious health problem to the nation, and that to delay action would be fool-hardy. According to Dr. Philip Landrigan of the Mount Sinai School of Medicine, "acid rain is probably third after active smoking and passive smoking as a cause of lung disease." The dust comes home.

Canada has committed itself to reducing its acidity-causing emissions by 50 percent over the next decade. Individual states in the U.S. have begun their own efforts. New York, for example, has set a goal of reducing sulfur dioxide emissions from 857,000 tons in 1986 to 524,000 tons by 1991. Still, the problem remains "holistic" in scope. We can build domed stadiums; not domed states.

Last year, Rep. Henry Waxman (D-Calif.) found that eighty large chemical companies were releasing highly hazardous materials from hundreds of factories in the U.S., and that no uniform emission standards apply to most of the materials. While the technology for making a start at reducing some of this pollution is available, what is lacking so far is the political will to control and coordinate the effort.

The *Toronto Globe and Mail* editorialized recently, "Clearly, there will be no real progress on acid rain until Mr. Reagan is put out to pasture." This need not be so. Now that Congress has attempted to do something about clean water, overriding the president's veto, it is only logical that it next look up to the sky. The problem must be dealt with on an international scale. Last year Mexico opened a huge copper smelter not far from the Arizona border. At full production, it will emit 500,000 tons of suffers pollution, and will increase acid rain in the Rocky Mountain region by 50 percent. It would be a shame if there were no pasture to go to.

PAINTING BY NUMBER

The data on American Catholics have been rushing in with frequent reports from the National Opinion Research Center, the Notre Dame Study on Parish Life, and now a book by George Gallup, Jr., and Jim Castelli, *The American Catholic People: Their Beliefs, Practices, and Values* (Doubleday).

The Gallup-Castelli survey, a compilation of information both significant and insignificant from over a dozen studies conducted since 1978, is basically optimistic in its claims to refute five common stereotypes about Catholics today:

- Religious activity is declining dramatically among Catholics? Not so. The figures show that after twenty years of decline in Mass attendance, stability has been achieved since 1978. Fifty-three percent of Catholics sampled said they attended Mass in the last seven days; 71 percent attended twice in the last month; 78 percent attended once last month. These percentages mark the highest attendance at Mass in a decade. Set this actual practice alongside just one of the "tolerant" attitudes of Catholics toward others — 81 percent of Catholics believe one can be a good Christian without attending church at all — and the figures seem more remarkable.

Religious activities outside of Mass attendance — confession, Bible reading, social functions, prayer and meditation, outreach programs, etc. — are also up compared with statistics collected a decade ago. Whether this stability and growth will continue remains to be seen.

- Young Catholics are leaving the church? Among Catholics under thirty, 37 percent attend weekly Mass and two out of three participate in some other religious activity. Bible reading has particularly climbed. Yet 42 percent of teenagers say religion is less important to them than it is to their parents, and there is a high level of superstition among teens as well, a preoccupation with ghosts, Bigfoot, the occult. Curiously, teens expressed a desire for increasing acceptance of sexual freedom, alcohol, and marijuana use on the one hand (69 percent), and a desire for closer family ties (86 percent) on the other. How these apparent contradictions will be worked out in relation to the church cannot be predicted, but from the data given, we find no reason for particular optimism here.

- The more education Catholics get the more likely they are to leave the church? This is patently false. Sixty-one percent of college graduates and 55 percent of Catholics with some college attend Mass weekly, and 60 percent of these give the church an "excellent" or "good" rating in meeting their needs. Education appears to be a plus.

- Catholic women are in a state of revolt? The report shows 61 percent weekly Mass attendance, and a high level of satisfaction in meeting personal needs of women, but what is lacking is a gender-age breakdown. The common suggestion that limited roles for women have led younger women to drop out of parish life simply cannot be either supported or negated. And since women comprise a higher percentage of the elderly, and the elderly themselves have unusually high Mass attendance and satisfaction levels, the age factor may skew findings for younger women and women as a whole.

- Catholics have grown more conservative with affluence and are not interested in justice and peace issues? While admitting a dramatic swing in political party affiliation toward the Republican party, the study documents Catholic liberal tendencies: support for the nuclear freeze, for increased social spending and decreased military spending by government, and for the ERA. If so, the bishops should anticipate no real opposition by the rank and file to their pastoral letter on the economy. Frankly, we think this is too good to be true.

While the study confirms what has long been known — that Catholics no longer listen to church teaching on sexuality and divorce and that singles and minority members want more pastoring and programs — it includes several pleasant surprises: high satisfaction with clergy performance, with the reforms of Vatican II, and with an increasing role for the laity.

The report fails to show the most substantial Catholic beliefs, what lies at the heart of the Mass. It tries the patience with such ridiculous measurements as: 90 percent believe God loves them, but 65 percent believe God loves them "a great deal"; 83 percent feel "close to God," but only 46 percent think that deepening their relationship to God is "very important." Just what does this mean?

Finally, while some of the interpretation and explanation given may be good guesswork, or even accurate judgment, at times it isn't supported by the data — at least not the data mentioned in the text. For example, Catholic women are said to be "confused" about the role families should play in their

lives. Why? Because only 66 percent described the ideal lifestyle as married with children, and because there was an increase among those who saw childlessness as the ideal (6 percent in three years!) and those who were undecided (9 percent in three years)? This may not be "confusion" — just a dramatically changing reality.

FEDERAL JUDGES

THE MEESE FACTOR

PACKING THE LOWER COURTS

Attorney General Edwin Meese's persistent and wide-ranging attacks against the Supreme Court are aimed not only at the presumed excesses of that body (even in its more conservative, recent incarnation), but at the development of at least fifty years of constitutional interpretation which has applied the Bill of Rights to the states. The latest blast has come in the form of a Meese-headed cabinet committee report. The report states (according to a *New York Times* account) that this administration considers it a priority to "set the agenda for domestic policy in the next two years" in order to redress the Court's "erroneous judicial reading" of the constitutional balance between federal power and states' rights. But any attempt to return civil rights and civil liberties to the ambit of local law and law enforcement would insure inconsistency, if not outright hostility toward the notion that all Americans are protected by the Bill of Rights against all governmental action.

The struggle need not be to convince an unsympathetic Congress to water down civil rights laws. Nor need it center around the nomination of controversial Supreme Court appointments which will engender high-visibility battles. There are other ways of skinning the constitutional cat.

The administration has shrewdly recognized that the lower federal judiciary is the real battleground for civil liberties and civil rights. After all, few cases reach the Supreme Court, and, often, its decisions are unclear or so tied to the facts of a particular case that they are hard to apply to other situations. The Burger Court has often found it difficult even to state an opinion which unequivocally commands the support of a majority of the justices. The Meese strategy is to endorse nominees to the lower courts who exploit such confusion by various devices.

In scholarly splendor, I intensively read civil rights decisions, especially those interpreting 42 U.S.C. 1983, the statute that made state and local officials liable for damages for violation of constitutional rights. The law in this area is quite complex, partly because of Justice Rehnquist's distaste for that provision and Justice Powell's fear that a broad interpretation would intrude into state law. The "record" of recent Reagan

appointees in applying these less than lucid mandates of 1983 (any opaqueness derives not from the law itself but from its interpretation) reveals certain patterns, probably unconscious ones. Claims of blatant deprivations of constitutional rights — especially against police and corrections officers — are often dismissed by Reagan-appointed district court judges on tortured, but not clearly incorrect legal grounds. Increasingly, these judges are assessing attorneys' fees against plaintiffs in violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of the law.

On appeal, these suits are often reinstated, over the dissent of "conservative" jurists who write glib essays which eschew any legal analysis and ignore well-settled precedents. Their comments read like George Will epiphanies; they are brief, pithy, and even blackly humorous. For instance, one judge recently argued that prison guards who beat an inmate — and later threatened him to deter him from bringing a civil rights suit against them — were not in violation of the Constitution with regard to the threats since, after all, the inmate ended up suing.

In another recent case, an appeals panel accorded no significance to the fact that a state court judge had found that a civil rights plaintiff had been arrested without probable cause that he had committed a crime. Ordinarily, a federal court would consider itself bound by that decision, but this form of federalism was simply disregarded without explanation. Furthermore, because the plaintiff was foolish enough to reply to the state court dismissal of the criminal charges against him, he was also socked with his opponents' attorneys' fees for bringing "unfounded" litigation. Thus, significant issues of the limits of government power are treated with all the seriousness of cocktail-party chatter.

Perhaps the Senate Judiciary Committee could undertake a study of the frequency of this phenomenon, solely for the purpose of informing itself, the Senate, and the rest of us of the extent of flippant lawmaking. After all, Civil Rights Acts reflect a deep congressional commitment to justice and fairness — and they may have to be clarified.

For instance, Congress may have to address specifically the question whether some gross civil rights violations are insulated from attack where state laws provide a theoretical, albeit limited, remedy. This problem was created by a Rehnquist opinion which has encouraged judges to find that significant deprivations of liberty are simply not actionable in federal court at all.

Since law is language, clarification has its limits. And since the president can submit candidate after candidate and suffer rejection after rejection, the committee will have to use its weapons, public information and political persuasion, to help insure that judicial nominees show some inclination to respect not only the Constitution and laws of the United States but the judicial process itself. It would not even be amiss for the administration, especially the Attorney General of the United States, to demonstrate such respect.

ISIDORE SILVER

(Isidore Silver is a professor of constitutional law and history at John Jay College of Criminal Justice and the author of Police Civil Liability [Matthew Bender].)

DIFFERENCES THAT BIND

TOWARD AN ECUMENISM OF TRUTH

There has been mourning over what some see as a decline in ecumenical fervor, and it has been tied to a number of variously rising balloons — fundamentalist intolerance, resurgent Catholic papalism, a weariness with slow interfaith progress, strife within Protestant denominations, etc. The excitement which attended the meeting of Catholic, Protestant, and Orthodox minds during and after Vatican II, and the new Christian openness to Judaism and to other non-Christian traditions seems now to have dwindled into something less than excitement, something which even comes close to irritation.

The institutions, according to those who are close to these attempts at dialogue, haven't moved as fast as the people who live in and with them. While people at the top of religious organizations move slowly and debate what seem to the rest of their congregations like minutiae, a lot of those who were born and raised in deeply different religious traditions approach one another with unprecedented respect. The horrors we see in Lebanon and Northern Ireland, or the Hindu/Sikh strife in India stand out as horrors precisely because we have known a much better way of experiencing religious differences. We feel an understandable impatience with the things which separate us.

Here I want to be perverse, and to introduce a deliberately discordant note. The things which separate us are important. We will not be faithful to everything we have been given if we do not recognize this. It is even a sign of health that we find ourselves occasionally uncomfortable at apparent and sometimes very real contradictions between our religious traditions.

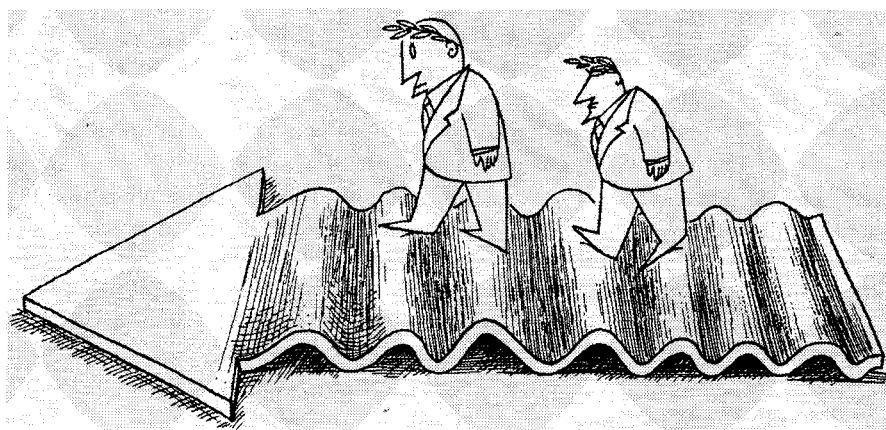
A lot of what excites us about agreement is an understandable and entirely secular concern: we have seen what religious differences can do to communities and to the individuals who get mauled by such differences. We are understandably delighted when people of differing and sometimes hostile religious traditions agree on a religious and not merely a civic plane.

The fact that this concern is secular does not mean it lacks moral merit. When political and religious causes were equated (as they are today in Lebanon), religion was used in a way which contradicted much of what it was supposed to be about. The love of enemies does not appear to have motivated the Crusaders or Cromwell's troops. The secular perspective brought to politics by the Enlightenment is frequently and rightly blamed for many things, but one of its services was to free religion from its association with coercion, allowing it to be persuasive. It is not all a bad thing that the most powerful reason we have for adhering to a religious tradition today is that we believe it to be true.

But all things can't really be true about the one thing which matters most to us, or should. It can't be true, despite the fact that harmony between believers and

nonbelievers is greatly to be desired, that God at one and the same time does and does not exist. A God who can exist without mattering at all isn't worth believing in. And if God is real, what is he, she, or it? Does it make sense to speak of God in personal terms, or is God to be seen more as an impersonal and pervasive force? Has the universe been called forth from nothing by a creator God who has revealed to us that it is good? Or is the universe a product of illusion, to be transcended?

Differences matter, and are instructive. Christians must understand how blasphemous the Christian claim appears to religious Jews. We cannot both be right about this: to say that Jesus is divine is either to be right, or to assert something idolatrous. Unless we can see sympathetically the Jewish reverence for God's unknowable and unsharable oneness we will not appreciate the tradition from which Jesus came, the tradition from which we have inherited so much. What is just as important is that we will also fail to see how radical and shattering the Christian claim is. We have learned a lot from ecumenical contact with Judaism; among other things, we have learned much about the Judaic roots of our own tradition, and the Jewishness of Jesus. What we must never lose sight of is the fact that the Jewish rejection of Jesus' divinity is based not on blindness, as one anti-Semitic Christian opinion would have it, but on reverence and a rejection of idolatry. This is not a difference which we can agree upon, and there is finally no middle ground. It is a difference, however, which can teach us to regard our own belief with humility and



even a certain terror — an emotion which does not occupy much current religious thought, but which ought to have a place in a tradition which believes in an unknowable God whose messengers, the angels, routinely announce themselves by asking people not to be afraid. I suppose one way of reading this is to assume that fear is something Christians shouldn't have, but it seems likely (unless angels are something like Smurfs) that the reason for asking people not to be afraid is that there is something frightening about an encounter with a messenger from the one who wills us into being.

In any case, this is an ecumenical difference which cannot be resolved, if resolution means agreement, without Christians becoming Jews or Jews becoming Christians. Another important difference can be found in conversation with Buddhists who, although they are not, strictly speaking, atheists, do not find such questions as the existence or nonexistence of God particularly important. The idea of the self or ego as a subsistent entity is considered a distracting error by Buddhists, even a tragic one, an error which is the source of much suffering. To the Christian belief that the self is saved, the Buddhist would respond by calling the self an illusion. What is it, a Buddhist would ask, that we want to have saved here? What is it that will rise on the last day? There may be something here in common with the mystical understanding of the nothingness of the self before God, but as some of the dialogue between Christianity and Buddhism shows, the questions are not all that easily resolved. The psychology which has developed around the radical Buddhist questioning of the ego is an extremely important contribution to religious thought, one which is especially valuable to Christians in a time when the self is so likely to be identified with transitory bundles of feeling, will, memory, and deliberation. I do not know that the non-theism of Buddhist thought can be reconciled with Christianity and its essential and central teaching that we are here because God intended to call us forth from nothingness, but I believe we can learn from the difference.

It is easier to see this when we are

dealing with non-Christian traditions. The divisions in Christianity, and within particular churches, remain scandalous. Even here, however, the differences can be instructive. One Orthodox bishop not long ago said that it is time to move "from the ecumenism of love to the ecumenism of truth." It is unfortunate that he came close here to implying a contradiction between the two forms of ecumenism, but what he meant makes sense: we know now that we can deal with one another without rancor and with respect. It is time to move to discussion of those issues which separate us for good reasons, to be as honest as we can about them.

There has been progress here. A World Council of Churches committee has adopted a statement on Baptism, Eucharist, and Ministry which comes much closer to an Orthodox and Catholic approach to the sacraments than would have been possible twenty or thirty years ago. This was made possible largely as the result of Orthodox participation in the discussions and work which went into the final document. Karl Barth once wrote that the unity of churches is not so much brought about as it is discovered, and the WCC statement is a case in point.

One of the most important fruits of the ecumenical movement has been the discovery of the church as a mystery which reveals itself to us as we look to the depths of our own traditions with the perspective we learn from others. I believe that Orthodoxy has a lot to teach Catholicism about liturgy and spirituality; the history of Orthodoxy may also have something to teach other churches about survival in hard times. We have a lot to learn from Catholicism about learning to distinguish between the sort of tradition which is a living language and the sort of tradition which, however good it may have been or may still be in some contexts, is not essential to what we must be as Christians. Both Catholicism and Orthodoxy could learn something from evangelical Protestants about the place of the Word, not only in liturgy but in daily life. An impatience with these differ-

ences won't teach us anything. Nor will an open-mindedness so open that it is willing to sacrifice important distinctions for the sake of agreement. I believe that the Orthodox are right to reject the claims of the papacy to jurisdiction over the whole church; but I also believe that the idea is important enough to deserve the best defense it can get, and this is not addressed by ignoring the actual history of the institution or by vague talk of the Petrine ministry. Similarly, although I believe in the conciliar nature of the church, it would be dishonest to ignore the ways in which bishops and emperors have used councils politically. Honesty about these things is important for reasons that transcend historical accuracy. They touch not only the rift between churches that happened, partly because of imperial politics, at the Council of Chalcedon; they also have to do with such questions as internal church governance and uses and abuses of liberation theology, which could be seen as the most modern incarnation of imperial ecclesiology.

It is true, in one very important sense, that the people have moved faster than the institutional leaders have. When I was a child, it was doubtful that Protestants could really be called Christian in any important sense, and they had the same suspicions of us. I remember sermons in which the priest talked about the veil which clouded Jewish understanding; God put that veil there, to get even. Thank God that sort of thing is almost entirely gone, and in those odd pockets where it survives it is seen as stale and weird. We assume that respect and interest in the other tradition is in order now. The conservatism of the institutions, however, is also important. We need to be instructed by the differences, and not move past them too easily. Most of them, awkward as they may be ecumenically, were born of real insights and understandings. Like Talmudic law, they accumulate over history, contradict, and make for argument. But like the Talmud, even in their contradiction they may have something to teach us, and there is an uncomfortable gratitude we should have for them, even as we celebrate those things which more clearly unite us.

MORTGAGING A HOUSE OF CARDS

THE ETHICS OF INTERNATIONAL DEBT

KENNETH P. JAMESON

During the humid summer of 1983, an unenviable Midwestern bank found itself at the center of the international debt crisis. That August, the Michigan National Bank sued Citibank. Michigan National had bought \$5 million of a loan to Pemex, the Mexican state oil company. Pemex was unable to repay, even after the loan had been extended three times. Finally the bank, whose president was a fervent Mormon, decided that principle prohibited throwing bad money after good and refused to renew. Citibank attempted to renew the Pemex loan without permission. Michigan National Bank sued, thereby breaking the unity of banks in "muddling through" the crisis of unpayable loans.

Michigan National may have been correct legally. But the bank lost, and lost big. Observers said that the bank was going to feel a lot of heat. As one put it, "I wouldn't be surprised if the auditors are there tomorrow." Later, ostensibly for other reasons, Michigan National's president was forced to step down, and he at one point faced penalties in the six-figure range for irregularities subsequently uncovered. Perhaps his problems are unrelated to the loan affair, but the story illustrates very clearly that there are big stakes in the debt game, that it is a political game, and that the whole structure resembles more a house of cards than a Gibraltar of financial security.

The basic facts on debt are clear: third-world debt now amounts to around \$1 trillion, about half of which is in Latin America; the Latin American countries are now exporting capital to the U.S. to the tune of some \$30 billion per year as a result of the debt; many major U.S. banks have third-world loans greater than their capital base, meaning that non-payment would threaten the banks' survival. For example, one *Washington Post* article indicated that Chemical Bank's loans

to Mexico were 48.6 percent of its primary capital in 1986. Rather than dwell on these rather well-known matters, however, I would like to deal with three issues which relate to the moral issues and obligations that are posed by the current third-world debt crisis.

First is the question of who is to blame. In Catholic terms, what about sin, guilt, and punishment? I could make the case that the banks are to blame, that the third-world governments are to blame, that the elites of the third-world are to blame, that the OPEC countries are to blame, and probably that you and I are to blame as well. But that would not be a particularly useful approach. A better way might be to ask who is benefiting at this point from the operation of the debt game? If we could ascertain that, and if we could agree that there is something wrong with the game, then we could move to deal with it.

There are some clear winners in the present situation. The banks are the biggest winners, for although they would rather



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be out from under the loans, they are still collecting something on what were bad loans, what should have been clear losses. And even if they end up selling the loans at a discount of 30 percent for Chilean loans or of 75 percent for the Peruvian loans, they are getting back more than they should have expected had the firms they loaned to gone under and the loans simply been written off, or had the respective governments simply declared the loans unpayable.

Other winners are the private individuals and government officials of third-world countries who now have real estate or bank accounts outside of their own country as a result of their take from these loans. One study by Morgan Guaranty Trust estimated that the net debt of many of the Latin American countries would essentially be zero if extreme capital flight had not occurred.

There are clear losers as well. The poor and middle classes of the Latin American countries have seen twenty years of growth and development stripped away, as their governments have undertaken the recessionary steps the international structure requires of them. Their access to services such as education and health is being diminished, and there is evidence that malnutrition and infant mortality are increasing.

So presumably any steps to deal with the debt problem must make an assessment of who is to pay the cost, and it should be those who are benefiting from the continued existence of this house of cards.

My second point is to examine the various ways that the debt problem can be confronted. There are five general approaches.

● *Muddling through.* The argument is that the system has functioned since the 1982 Mexican debt crisis, and that policy should concentrate on continuing this experience with or without augmented financial flows. Perhaps the industrialized countries should stimulate their economies to aid third-world exports. Perhaps there should be new flows of capital from the banks and international institutions, as in the Baker Plan. Perhaps changes in commodity prices will begin to aid the debtors. Perhaps a decline in real interest rates will relieve the debt burden in some degree. But don't do anything to pull out one of the cards. This past August, Swiss Bank Corporation balked at putting up the money for the Mexican "rescue." As the headlines read: "Swiss Bank Jeopardized Mexican Rescue but Relented after Pressure by the IMF" (*Wall Street Journal*, August 13, 1986). If I were president of the bank, I'd be looking over my shoulder!

● *Redefinition of assets.* The loans could be sold to a new international bank at a discount, and that bank would then be the collecting agency, insulating present lender banks from the illiquidity problems of debtors. Or the loans could be swapped for assets such as plants and equipment. For example, in Bolivia, the most valuable asset is the national oil company. It could simply be sold to pay off the debt. The comic strip *Bloom County* actually anticipated this scenario some time ago, when

Opus became dictator of Bolivia, and showed how ludicrous such an option is. Whether the loans were sold or swapped for assets, there would presumably be a write-down of the loans to reflect their current value. However, there would be no substantial change in the situation of the debtor countries; in the first case they would still have to pay the international bank, presumably on the full value of the debt; and in the second, they would lose control over the most profitable assets in their economy.

● *Share the cost.* Another approach would share the current adjustment costs among the banks, the debtors, and the beneficiaries of capital flight. Senator Bill Bradley's plan calls for a write-down of the loans by 3 percent per year over three years, so that the actual principal amount debtors have to pay is reduced, i.e., so that there is debt relief. Interest rates on the debt are also to be reduced, which would give liquidity relief. This would share adjustment between banks and countries. Some have suggested that the debtor countries, with the collaboration of the international banking system, simply call in the foreign assets of their nationals, as England and France did during World War I. Their citizens would be paid in bonds, but would certainly bear some of the costs of the adjustment. This would call upon the beneficiaries of capital flight to bear a portion of the burden.

● *Link to domestic performance.* Alan Garcia, the president of Peru, has declared that his country's payments will be dependent upon Peru's ability to pay, i.e., that payments will not exceed 10 percent of export earnings in a given year. The Cartagena Group of Latin American debtors will meet in April in search of a coordinated plan to limit the payment in some such way. Such an approach deals with the solvency and liquidity problems, and clearly indicates that the poor and middle classes of debtor countries will no longer pay the costs of adjusting. President Garcia's approach has not been particularly popular internationally, and Peru is an international pariah at this point. Nor does this solution solve the real long-term problem, for the unpaid interest is simply being added to the overall debt bill that remains. Nonetheless, the tying of payments to domestic economic performance is clearly going to become more common. The recent Mexican renegotiations for example, made some concessions to Mexico, taking into account the low price of oil and a low domestic growth rate.

● *Repudiation.* This has been the traditional way of dealing with the issue, going back in Latin America to the 1820s and 1830s. Until a few years ago, Peru's railroads were owned by the holders of bonds defaulted on in the 1860s. Fidel Castro has suggested this approach for Latin America, while at the same time paying his own debts. Even orthodox economic advisors have questioned whether new democratic governments should be required to pay debts contracted by military-civilian dictatorships. However, repudiation is a direct affront to the international banking system, and has not become an avowed policy, though Bolivia quietly quit paying in 1984 simply because it did not have the resources, and Nicaragua currently is not paying.

Which of these options might be most desirable and effective in dealing with this massive problem, particularly in light of the moral obligations that are involved? My criteria for choosing are two: first, that those who have benefited should bear the costs; and second, that the disruption of the structure should be minimized, if not avoided.

I dismiss muddling through, a process which at present allows the banks to benefit while the poor continue to pay. Redefining the assets would be preferable, only because it would increase the stability of the financial structure. But redefinition of assets has the same problems as muddling through. Repudiation, on the other hand, would be too disruptive, focusing the cost too completely on the banks, or on the American public, the lenders of last resort.

I would suggest that a combination of cost sharing and linkage to domestic performance would be the most effective and fairest approach. The present system is simply pyramiding added debt on top of the existing debt. As such, it is neither fair nor realistic: the debts themselves are unlikely ever to be paid, and their cost to the poor is unfair. Some write-down of the obligations of the debtors is therefore essential. A combination of lower interest rates and their linkage to the actual possibilities of a debtor country to pay in terms of its exports,

would confront both the liquidity and solvency problems at a cost which would be more acceptable to the people of the indebted countries. Finally, there is no reason that a major beneficiary group, such as those who engaged in capital flight, should be protected from the required adjustments. Perhaps they stole it fair and square, to paraphrase former Senator Hayakawa, but there is no justification for allowing them to hide behind the faceless "international capital system." Clearly, this is a very good reason to interfere with capital markets and to bring them an order that will allow third-world countries to undertake development efforts with some assurance they won't be frustrated by capital drain to the safe haven of the U.S. Nor should the banks benefit from such deposits.

The debt problem is clearly a major challenge of the next several years. This is most acutely felt by the debtors whose economies are, for the most part, in disarray. But it should also be felt in the U.S. on moral grounds. The Catholic bishops pointed this out quite clearly in their recent pastoral on the economy when they called for systemic change of international economic institutions. But the need for change must be recognized by a much broader economic and political constituency. The economic interest of the United States lies with a prosperous and progressing third world, particularly in Latin America. This will occur only if meaningful steps for dealing with the debt problem are undertaken.

FIVE POEMS THAT SPELLED DANGER

THE FATE OF IRINA RATUSHINSKAYA

BARBARA WOLFER

Lost amid the fanfare and political maneuverings of the Reykjavik summit was the release from prison of a young Russian poet named Irina Ratushinskaya. Members of the Christian and literary communities following her case were stunned by the Soviets' change of heart. Ratushinskaya was set to be shipped back to prison camp after an unsuccessful four-month "re-education" period in a KGB prison in Kiev. Instead, on October 9, she was delivered unceremoniously to her husband's doorstep with an "unconditional release." Since that time, Ratushinskaya and her husband, Igor Gerashchenko, have been granted a three-month medical leave from the Soviet Union. They arrived in England in late De-

cember. Their future plans remain unsettled.

Irina Ratushinskaya first garnered international attention when news of her arrest and sentence reached the West. Six months after her arrest on September 17, 1982, she achieved the uncoveted distinction of being the first woman in the Soviet Union to receive the maximum sentence for "anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda" — seven years hard labor plus five years internal exile.

Although more than 100 people were interrogated, and numerous houses searched in connection with her case, the sole evidence cited against Ratushinskaya at her trial was five poems she had written. What was so dangerous about five poems that one day following her twenty-eight birthday Irina Ratushinskaya was deprived of freedom for twelve years?

The answer to that question lies in Ratushinskaya's personal history as well as the history of poets under the Soviet regime.

Irina Ratushinskaya was born on March 4, 1954 in Odessa,

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in the Ukrainian “republic” of the USSR. Her parents were descendants of Polish gentry who strove to bury their non-Russian roots and become model citizens. As Ratushinskaya comments in an autobiographical essay, “My Homeland”: “My relatives kept grandfather and grandmother from teaching me the Polish language; they forbade them to speak to me of their love of religion and other such ‘non-Soviet’ themes. The grandchild should not be contaminated!” (All quotations, unless otherwise indicated, are from Ratushinskaya’s *No, I am Not Afraid*, translated by David McDuff, Bloodaxe Books, England, 1986.)

In spite of these efforts, Ratushinskaya continues, “For some reason I was never able to accept the Soviet religion, although I knew no other. What kind of God-seeking can one do if one doesn’t even know one’s motherland? And I didn’t do any seeking. God himself found me, and helped me to endure, and nurtured my soul during childhood and youth.”

Ratushinskaya’s husband confirms this testimony: “Irina started to believe in God at an early age and it was this faith — not her atheistic family upbringing and school education — which formed and preserved her soul.”

The other decisive influence in Ratushinskaya’s life was the discovery, in 1976, of three major Russian poets whose work is either forbidden or heavily censored in the Soviet Union. 1976 was an important year in some of the usual ways for a young woman: Ratushinskaya graduated with a degree in physics from the University of Odessa, and began work as a physics teacher, eventually securing a good position at the Odessa Teachers’ Training Institute. But in the course of that year something far more momentous occurred. She stumbled upon the poetry, in underground editions, of these three forbidden poets.

Ratushinskaya describes the experience in “My Homeland”: “A kind of electric shock went through me when I was twenty-four, and in the space of a single week read almost simultaneously (I was only able to borrow the books for a short space of time), Mandelstam, Tsvetayeva, and Pasternak. They literally knocked me off my feet, physically; I was in bed with a fever and delirium . . . All my ideas about Russian literature and history began to crack and give way.”

Perhaps it is difficult for us in an open society — weary of all the information and debate around us — to understand the explosiveness of Ratushinskaya’s discovery. By way of explanation, the poet suggests an experiment:

Let the reader try the following mental experiment. I say “mental” because, once again, no normal person could ever bring himself to do such a thing — yet this was done by a whole people. Take a book you haven’t read and, using a blunt saw, shred off a portion of it — a quarter, say. Now from this portion attempt to understand the contents — but first destroy the remainder, so you won’t be tempted to look. That was what was done to world culture for us — “the new generation of Soviet mankind.”

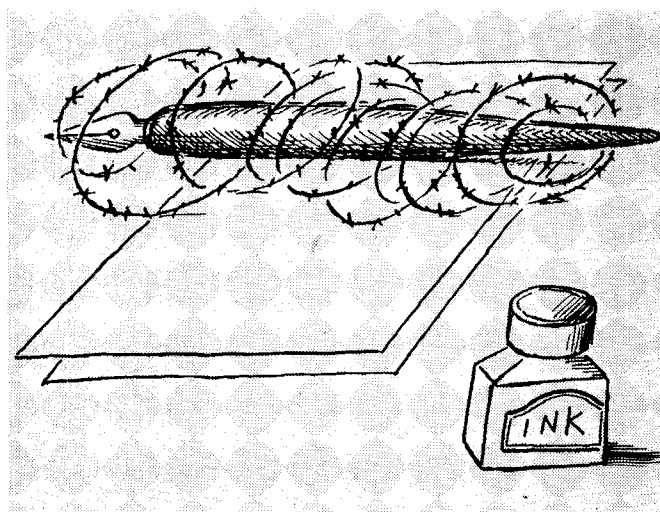
It is no coincidence that the three poets who shattered forever Ratushinskaya’s world view, all met tragic ends under

the Soviet regime. (“It’s a family trait of Russian poets/To be shot at, like banners,” Ratushinskaya once wrote.) Boris Pasternak, after a long and distinguished career as a poet, died in disgrace following the publication abroad of his allegedly “anti-Soviet” novel *Doctor Zhivago*. Osip Mandelstam, believed by some to be the greatest Russian poet of this century, died half-crazed in a Soviet prison camp in 1938. Marina Tsvetayeva, whose poetry had perhaps the greatest influence on Ratushinskaya, committed suicide in 1941, following the disappearance (and presumed death) of her husband, and her daughter’s disappearance into the Gulag.

Poetry has always enjoyed much greater popularity in Russia than in the West. Collections of poems are printed there in the hundreds of thousands and poetry readings draw large audiences. Since the Revolution, however, poets have become more an object of control than veneration. Alexander Solzhenitsyn estimates in *The Gulag Archipelago* that 600 writers have perished in the Soviet Union since 1917. Even with Secretary Gorbachev’s latest effort at *glasnost* (openness), similar periods of cultural openness in Soviet society have met with sudden backlash and retrenchment before. Such events in the past call for caution on the part of human-rights advocates today.

It was not long after Ratushinskaya’s exposure to the lost poets of her country that she affirmed her own vocation as a poet. Writing of her belated self-discovery, “It was at twenty-four, not fourteen, that I acquired an understanding of genuine culture and history. It was at twenty-five, and not fifteen, that I began to write. Yes, I had, of course, made earlier attempts, but they were merely the scrawlings of a child who — through no fault of her own — knew only half the alphabet.”

Ratushinskaya’s dawning awareness of her vocation, and its inexorable consequences — was quickened by two ominous events the following year. The first involved a play which was closed down by the KGB for “anti-Soviet attitudes” after its premiere. As one of the chief scriptwriters, Ratushinskaya was subjected to a lengthy interrogation by the KGB.



Later that year Ratushinskaya was invited to sit on the Entrance Examination Board of her Institute. When it was explained to her that a special standard was applied to Jews (to ensure their exclusion), Ratushinskaya refused the position. She was promptly demoted to a lab assistant, refused again, and shortly thereafter was fired.

Over the next several years Ratushinskaya began to write in earnest, "making up," she wrote, "for ten years lost to my Soviet pseudo-education." "It's okay. I'll do it," she concluded. "I'll make up for those lost years. I won't lose the thread as long as I live — so long, I hope, as I'm not thrown into prison or some psych ward. Do I have a chance? No rhetorical questions, dear reader. No easy answers" (*Irina Ratushinskaya Poems*, translated by Philip Balla, Hermitage, Ann Arbor, 1984).

That Ratushinskaya had no illusions about the cost of her beliefs and her vocation is evident in this 1980 poem:

No, don't save, don't preserve,
We've grown so unused to protection!
O, we're not at all those poets
Who seek armor in verses —
We are not serfs and not a retinue.
In our pride — go on, punish us —
Not bending our knee . . .
Don't admit us to the final paradise,
Only save from corruption
What to us — alone — is law and honor,
That we may grow by our breathing
And say our verses out loud
Though we dare not say our names.

In 1979 Irina Ratushinskaya had married Igor Gerashchenko and the two moved to Kiev. Gerashchenko had been active in the human rights movement. In a document, later smuggled to the West, Gerashchenko revealed that the couple tried to emigrate in 1980. Their application was denied, Gerashchenko related, "even though the right to exit from our country is guaranteed by Soviet law. The refusal was made unofficially, our attention being drawn to the fact that it is only Jews who are allowed to leave the Soviet Union. There is no doubt in my mind that even if we had been Jews, then the authorities would have refused us on some other pretext, or without pretext at all . . ."

The couple's attempt to leave the Soviet Union accelerated their collision course with the state. In August 1981 both were summoned to KGB headquarters and threatened with arrest if they did not abandon their human rights activities. Ratushinskaya was ordered to stop writing poetry. Three months later Gerashchenko was fired from his job and subsequently prevented from finding any other work in his field.

During this time Ratushinskaya and Gerashchenko had the first of three meetings with Robert Gillette, then Moscow correspondent for the *Los Angeles Times*. Gillette was the only Western correspondent to have met Ratushinskaya prior to her release in October. He recently recalled his impressions of that meeting.

Irina introduced herself as a poet . . . She was almost

completely unknown at the time, except to a tiny community of dissident intellectuals who had managed to read her verse in *samizdat* or listen to it through the screech of jammers on foreign radio. Some of her work evidently had reached the West.

She seemed sweet, modest (not a common trait among Russian artists), a bit shy, with large melancholy eyes. Igor, a head taller than Irina, with a deep, penetrating gaze, stood by rather protectively, I thought. A long time later I realized that he had good reason to seem protective. They were being harassed by the Ukrainian KGB, whose methods made the Moscow branch of the security police seem positively soft and easy-going by comparison.

Ratushinskaya and Gerashchenko contacted Gillette again on December 10, 1981, United Nations Human Rights Day, and the annual occasion of a small demonstration in Pushkin Square. "It was gray twilight and very cold when Irina and Igor appeared," Gillette writes. "They had managed to evade surveillance at the train station in Kiev and had come to Moscow for the sole purpose of standing for an hour or so in the bitter cold by the statue of Russia's most revered poet. She asked me to follow them as they approached the square — about a fifteen-minute walk through spitting snow — and to let friends know if they were arrested."

At Gerashchenko's suggestion, Gillette dropped behind the couple, and in the time it took for Gillette to clear his vision from a blast of wind, they had disappeared. After waiting in the park for forty minutes, Gillette could only conclude they had been arrested.

The couple had indeed been arrested and served the standard "administrative" (i.e. without trial) sentence of ten days — Ratushinskaya in the infamous Butyrki prison. Upon their release they arranged to meet Gillette. At this last meeting the three were followed by what Gillette described as a "gang of gumshoes flitting behind and ahead and across the street like cockroaches on the kitchen floor."

It was months after this last meeting, when Ratushinskaya was in prison for the second time, that Gillette finally obtained her poems. "For the first time, and a little late, it dawned on me as I sat in my office late one night and she sat in prison, that this shy girl with the sad eyes was one of the finest writers I had ever met."

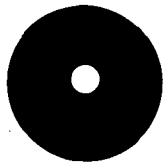
Ratushinskaya was arrested again on September 17, 1982, while she and her husband were working as farm laborers during the apple harvest outside Kiev. Gerashchenko later learned that the jobs were a set-up; the other seasonal workers were to be threatened with firing if they did not cooperate as witnesses against Ratushinskaya. In handcuffs, Ratushinskaya was taken to the KGB prison in Kiev, where it is believed the Gestapo once tortured its victims.

After six-months imprisonment *incommunicado*, Ratushinskaya was given a three-day trial during which, in violation of Soviet law, she was not allowed to choose her own lawyer, represent herself, finish her final testimony, or have her family present. She was not even given a copy of the

sentence that deprived her of twelve years of freedom.

Ratushinskaya was sent to serve her sentence at hard labor at Barashevo camp for women political prisoners. There she joined the ranks of eight other extraordinary women whose "crimes against the state" ranged from helping the families of prisoners of conscience to organizing religious education. Each of the women had already demonstrated courage and a capacity for self-sacrifice. Together they were sure to support one another and continue the efforts for which they had been imprisoned.

Their assembly at Barashevo camp in 1983 did indeed concern camp officials, who immediately set out to break their spirit. From the first, Irina Ratushinskaya played a leading role in the resistance, and received, as a result, particularly brutal treatment. In the first of several incidents, Ratushinskaya, along with two other women, was handcuffed and force-fed by six men in order to break her hunger strike in protest of the mistreatment of a sick fellow prisoner. During this procedure Ratushinskaya was knocked unconscious and then thrown into a windowless cell in the psychiatric ward of the infirmary. Although she apparently suffered a concussion, no medical care was given.



ver the next months Ratushinskaya continued to wage hunger strikes to protest the punishment of the other women — for which she was invariably sentenced to *shizo*, a special isolation cell in which prisoners are punished with intense cold and hunger. In two years at Barashevo, Ratushinskaya served a total of 138 days in *shizo*. Inevitably Ratushinskaya's health deteriorated drastically; the once healthy young woman began to suffer from chronic kidney inflammation, dangerously high blood pressure, and heart trouble.

In a poem from Barashevo, dedicated to two of her fellow prisoners, Ratushinskaya wrote movingly of their sacrifices, and of her obligation to be a witness:

I will travel through the land —
With my retinue of guards,
I will study the eyes of human suffering,



I will see what no one has seen —
But will I be able to describe it?
Will I cry how are we able to do this —
Walk on partings as on water?
How we begin to look like our husbands —
Our eyes, foreheads, the corners of our mouths,
How we remember them — down to each last vein of
their skins —
They who have been wrenched away from us for years,
How we write to them: "Never mind,
You and I are one and the same,
Can't be taken apart!"
And, fettered to the ground,
"Forever" sounds in answer —
That most ancient of words
Behind which, without shadow, is the light.
I will tramp out my deportation,
And I will remember everything —
By heart! — they won't be able to take it from me! —
How we breathe —
Each breath outside the law!
What we live by —
Until the morrow.

In August 1985 Ratushinskaya was moved from Barashevo to a camp at Yavas. During transport she suffered another concussion. Although she was treated by a doctor upon arrival at the camp, later that same day four guards severely beat her and left her unconscious on the floor outside the punishment cell. When Ratushinskaya later attempted to bring charges against the guards, she was incarcerated in the camp "prison" (a prison within the prison) for five months.

All these methods failing to rehabilitate her, Ratushinskaya was sent in July 1986 to the KGB prison in Kiev for a period of "re-education." Intense pressure was brought to bear on her to sign a "plea for clemency" — better known as a recantation. In it she was to ask the state for forgiveness for her past mistakes — including her faith and her poetry — and promise never to engage in them again. When Ratushinskaya held firm, her mother and husband were approached to write them for her. She forbade them to do so under any circumstances.

Little wonder then that her release from this prison on the eve of the Reykjavik summit was greeted with amazement. That Irina Ratushinskaya was singled out for this mercy had much to do with international politics and the clamor raised by concerned Christians and writers in the West. Prayer vigils, poetry readings, letters, congressional representations, demonstrations — one Anglican priest in England, Richard Rodgers, spent the whole of Lent in 1986 in a simulated prison cell, in conditions approximating Ratushinskaya's own — all played a part in convincing the Soviets that the release of this young woman would win them good will, or at the least, a lessening of international bad press.

Before this article was completed I had a dream that I was walking down a long hallway hand in hand with Irina Ratushinskaya. It was a dream from which I was reluctant to awake for it seemed to promise that I would one day meet this

brave young woman, and we would walk together as friends, as sisters. But there was something disquieting, too — that long dark hallway said there was a long difficult road ahead of us still. The day Irina Ratushinskaya flew to the West from the Soviet Union, she left behind her more than 350 men and women in prisons and psychiatric hospitals because, like her, they dared to believe in God and dared to tell others in poems, in songs, in sermons. And these are only the ones for whom we have names and stories. I do not believe Irina Ratushinskaya will forget them — can you and I?

I remember an abandoned church near Moscow
 The door ajar, and the cupola shattered,
 And, screening her child with her hand,
 The Virgin Mother quietly mourning —
 That the boy's feet are bare,
 And once again the cold is at hand
 That it's so terrible
 To let one's dark-eyed child
 Walk off across the snows of Russia — forever — no one
 knows where —
 To be crucified by this people, too . . .
 Must it really happen again and again —
 For love, salvation, and miracle,
 For his open, undaunted gaze —
 That here is to be found a Russian Judas,
 That the Russian Pilate is reborn? . . .
 How much longer — on crosses and executioner's
 blocks
 Through the fire of a mother's anxiety —
 Must we clean from shame and filth
 His desecrated image?
 How much longer must we wash the earth clean
 Of violence and lies?
 Do you hear, O Lord? If you hear —
 Give us the strength to serve her.

SCREEN

WOODY GOES WIRELESS

'RADIO DAYS'

Radio Days will challenge all those for whom Woody Allen can do no wrong. The film is dismal, worth seeing perhaps only for the sets that recreate the domestic world of the thirties and of the radio programs that first fascinated America in that decade. But the story stinks and the so-so acting can't hide it. What *Radio Days* lacks is Allen's gift for weaving his gossamer plots into emotional substance. What it reveals is everything that's wrong with Woody Allen even when he makes good movies.

The cast includes almost all of Allen's star friends from his other, more successful movies—Dianne Wiest, Tony Roberts, Mia Farrow, even Diane Keaton at the end, in a cameo as a nightclub songstress. But the very length of the acting credits is a warning. Sitting in the theater beforehand I wondered how all the performers could find their way into the announced ninety-minute running time. The answer is simple: they can't. There is not enough plot to sustain a single genuine role. What you get in *Radio Days* is nostalgia surrounded by confusion. It doesn't help that it's weighted down with a heavy dose of Allen's usual narcissism as well.

Allen must have thought some of his characters could generate interest simply by being there, like Jeff Daniels as Biff Bixby, the movie star who jilted Mia Farrow in *The Purple Rose of Cairo* and who turns up as part of the crowd of stars who frequent a nightclub in *Radio Days*. Such consistent intra-film fictionalization is witty and even fits Allen's continual play with the make-believe of media. But Allen relies on our being in the know in order to get his joke; it's classic self-enclosed insider wit. Such references and the composition of the cast make one feel that *Radio Days* was inspired when Allen suddenly turned to his cronies and crowed, "Hey, kids, I have a great idea—why don't we all put on a show!"

This show has too many disparate strands. The center, at least for a while, is a thin, anemic-looking, tousle-haired (and almost prematurely balding) version of Allen's young self (Seth Green) and his family, a set of Rockaway grotesques that are given one demeaning characteristic each, and then left to degenerate by repetition into caricature. Some of them are interesting at first—his mother (Julie Kavner, who finally cannot sustain the attention the camera gives her) and his maiden aunt (Dianne Wiest, an Oscar nominee for *Hannah and Her Sisters*), who keeps on having bad luck with men.

Radio Days is painfully superficial. The only depth in the film involves the aunt-nephew relationship, especially when Wiest takes the child along as a sort of emotional chaperone on some of her heavier dates. In both *The Purple Rose* and *Hannah*, Allen has provided increasingly sensitive portrayals of women, and sometimes in *Radio Days* hope rises for more of the same. But even Wiest can't rise above the "broken record" nature of her material, a set of dates with inadequate men, concluding with the anachronism of one confessing that he is gay. The child meanwhile is given no chance to mature or undergo any rite of passage and becomes increasingly insignificant. The most dramatic event Allen can muster details how the child and his friends use binoculars to spy on a woman naked in her bedroom as she dances to a radio tune before taking a shower. She later shows up as their substitute teacher—and so ends the episode, a cliché to begin with.

Vainly one hopes for some unity to Allen's double plot between the world of Rockaway and radio glamour. But in contrast to his recent films, this time no unity emerges. The stars broadcast, flirt with each other, visit the Copacabana; the nerds stay home, tune in, and dream. They go to Radio City, to be sure, and Wiest even wins a radio game-show contest. But there is no dramatic interaction between the Rockawayites and



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the stars. The film is all parts and no whole.

As narrator, Allen provides awkward voice-over transitions to fuse things together. They mostly consist of "Meanwhile...." He also makes an intellectual stab at unity by showing how he was saved from a beating when a radio news flash announces a child has fallen down a well in Pennsylvania; his father turns sentimental and stops slugging him as everyone gets glued to their sets for "further news." True, our private lives are often interrupted by electronic news flashes, and Allen uses the announcement of the attack on Pearl Harbor to good effect to illustrate this. But with the episode of the beating and the child in the well, all Allen can create is a metaphorical link of the slimmest kind.

Radio Days might have looked decent on the drawing board; all Allen's themes are present, even, in a closing bit by Wallace Shawn, some "existentializing" about time and mortality at a New Year's celebration in 1944. But this, too, is forced and comes across as bombast.

So why did Allen make *Radio Days*? Not, to be sure, for money. The real answer lies elsewhere, and suggests a corruption of sensibility. First, there are Allen's work habits as a director, which partake of some of the nervous compulsiveness of the adult character he often plays on screen. Still the comedian, Allen feels compelled to please and succeed, which means a commitment to one movie a year and a reduction in time to think. Add to this the temptation of every witty person to strike first and ask questions later, and you get the dangerous predominance of wit over judgment. The hectic, slapdash origins of the film are evident in the many small mistakes, too numerous to note, that mar its basic narrative texture. *Radio Days* is an idea, not a film; and Woody Allen has a constitutional weakness for ideas.

Film critics, too, have a constitutional weakness, jealousy, and perhaps this influences my response. I must also confess a constitutional suspicion of canonization, which is what the high culture enthusiasm for Woody Allen amounts to. Intellectuals crave gods; they're just not as honest about it as everyone else. Especially because of his gifts of irony and mock heroism, Woody Allen has become the intellectuals' "designer" director: slap that brand name on a film, and they'll flock there like sheep. In this regard, *Radio Days* is valuable for illustrating the bankruptcy of imagination when it can't grow beyond self, the past, and the little asteroid of Manhattan, Allen's Mecca. Catch the treatment of baseball in *Radio Days*; I may be wrong, but I think it tells you more than you need to know about Allen's potential wimpiness, not (as he thinks) of body, but of mind. Nietzsche had a word for this neurosis: *ressentiment*, the envy of the strong by the slick. To understand this, Allen would have to understand philosophy, rather than play with it.

TOM O'BRIEN



The political marketplace

FRED SIEGEL

Even before the Iragua scandal it was very likely that the Democrats were going to regain the White House in 1988. Ronald Reagan has been the North Star of Republicanism, all the party factions have been forced to align themselves with him. Without Reagan the compass of Republican politics will swing wildly. But there is more than the coming promise of Republican disarray to cheer liberals. There is a more fundamental policy disarray as the once refreshing rhetoric of free market solutions hardens into self-defeating ideology. Far from worshipping at the altar of supposedly self-adjusting markets, businesses and workers displaced by the effects of America's huge trade deficits are looking to government action for redress. Pressures are mounting for new forms of government activism to deal with the problems of deindustrialization, the homeless, the environment, and education.

The Republicans are on the wane, but the power of business is not. The liberal activism of the sixties took hold on a political playing field in which business interests never felt it necessary to deploy their full arsenal of weapons. But in the wake of the Naderite wave of regulatory legislation in the early 1970s and the economic slowdown of the mid-1970s, business large and small plunged into Washington politics with an unprecedented commitment of resources and energy. It's an effort that has paid off famously. Filling the vacuum created by the decline of traditional party organizations, business PACs have so insinuated themselves into the very heart of the

Democratic party mechanisms that Tony Coelho, chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, describes himself as "an entrepreneur in politics." Any new wave of liberal activism will have to come to grips with the Democrats' increasing dependence not on trade unions or rank and file party members but business contributors.

Sidney Blumenthal's *The Rise of the Counter-Establishment: From Conservative Ideology to Political Power* (Times Books, \$19.95, 369 pp.) and Thomas Ferguson and Joel Rogers's *Right Turn: The Decline of the Democrats and the Future of American Politics* (Hill and Wang, \$19.95, 276 pp.) chronicle the 1970s movement of business into the marketplace of ideas and the political marketplace respectively. The two have a great deal in common. Both ignore the divisive social issues of the past fifteen years such as abortion or racial quotas. For that matter, neither is concerned with voters or the political process as it's traditionally understood. Instead, their common and somewhat conspiratorial theme is that the so-called Reagan "revolution" has been solely the

work of right-wing elites, funded by business, who have seized control of American political life. In the self-serving words of a spokesman for the American Enterprise Institute, a leading conservative think tank: "Without AEI, Reagan never would have been elected. AEI made conservatism intellectually respectable."

The title of Blumenthal's book, *The Rise of the Counter-Establishment*, suggests that his will be a study of move and counter move on the political chessboard. But reading it is like watching a chess game with only one set of pieces on the board. Blumenthal walks the reader through a Sunday supplement discussion of the major conservative intellectual and political institutions like the American Enterprise Institute (known as AEI), the Heritage Foundation, and the (Big) Business Roundtable which were either created or revived in the mid-1970s. Their aim, he says, was to systematically "increase their market share of policy." His brief accounts of how they grew to power are unexceptional as far as they go, though a good deal of the material, particularly the numerous potted biographies of leading conservative intellectuals, is likely to be familiar to newspaper readers. What's missing throughout, however, are the liberal policies and the liberal establishment the conservatives are said to be "countering."



FRED SIEGEL is the author of *Troubled Journey: From Pearl Harbor to Ronald Reagan*.

Time and again the book jumps from a discussion of the early postwar development of conservative intellectual institutions like William Buckley's *National Review* to Reagan's 1980 triumph with nary a mention of the civil war fought out between conventional New Dealers and their New

Politics rivals, a contest which shattered American liberalism between 1968 and 1980. It is as if someone tried to write a history of the New Deal without discussing the economic and intellectual collapse of Republicanism between 1929 and 1933 and instead attributed the Roosevelt era solely to the influences of Herbert Croly and *The New Republic*.

In order to explain conservatism's triumph without, for instance, detailing the failures of the Carter administration, Blumenthal describes the conservative think tanks much as a hawk might describe the Soviet army. They are an invincible intellectual juggernaut methodically mowing down an invisible opposition. But if the book avoids subtlety it doesn't escape confusion. On the one hand, Blumenthal asserts that the conservative victory was a triumph of ideas; on the other hand, he argues that those ideas were transparently false. The problem, in part, is that Blumenthal seems uncomfortable with ideas. Friedman's monetarism, for instance, is something to be explained away as a product of his peculiar childhood. But Blumenthal gives no indication here of the political and intellectual difficulties liberalism faced with the crisis of Keynesianism and the growth of the special interest state. He seems wholly innocent of the intellectual kinship between Friedrich Hayek, the giant of conservative thought, and liberal critics of the New Deal's moral disarray like Theodore Lowi and John Rawls. In fact, Blumenthal doesn't even appear to have read Hayek. His brief account of this pivotal thinker seems to simply be cribbed from George Nash's history of postwar conservatism.

There is something about the pretensions of the studentless colleges we call think tanks that generate a hostility far out of proportion to their power. Charles Colson and Nixon's plumbers, you may remember, planned on bombing Brookings, the leading liberal think tank. In the case of the left-wing IPS (the Institute for Policy Studies), a frequent target of right-wing demonology strikingly parallel to Blumenthal's, there was no need for a bombing: IPS, like so many left-liberal institutions, largely self-destructed during the 1970s.

Unlike the more cautious AEI, modeled after the academically measured liberalism of Brookings, Heritage, "the cutting edge" of the Reagan revolution, frankly patterned itself after IPS's style of unabashed ideological advocacy. The success of the Heritage style of openly partisan "research" was made possible by one of the great unnoticed developments of the mid-1970s, the collapse of university-based "objective" social science as a source of policy prescriptions. "The Social Scientist as Confuser" read the 1976 headlines in a *Washington Post* article after a new study by sociologist James Coleman undercut the conclusion of his own 1965 report used to justify forced busing. The traditional image of social scientific research as a ladder with each study building on, amplifying, or qualifying earlier research was replaced with the more fitting image of a widening puddle.

Until the mid-1970s, social "scientists" called to testify before Congress predictably gave support to the liberal reform tradition. But by the mid-1970s almost every lobbying group learned the game of packaging its interests in the language of social "scientific" studies carried out by house academics. And while the prestige of social science took a nose dive, the hiring of social scientists in Washington didn't, because if a rival PAC had a hired academic gun then you certainly needed one, too. It was redolent of the joke about the poor lone lawyer in a small town. Asked what was needed to improve his business, the fellow replied, "Another lawyer."

In a story Blumenthal doesn't tell because it would detract from the drama of his demonology, Heritage mastered the mechanics of using forensic social science as no other think tank ever has. Heritage's President Ed Feulner prides himself on providing "quick response research," executive memos, of one page (both sides) which supply harried House members or their aides with a quick fix of facts to justify already preconceived opinions. There is no pretense of academic detachment; Feulner admirably compares the selling of supply-side

economics to a corporate ad campaign. "Proctor and Gamble," he told an Australian audience in 1985, "does not sell Crest toothpaste by taking out one ad or running one television commercial. They sell it and resell it everyday by keeping the product fresh in the consumer's mind." Heritage sells "ideas in much the same manner."

Heritage's hucksterism couldn't have sold nearly so much snake oil, however, if the rival "products," to use Feulner's term, weren't so poor. While Heritage was providing a constant flow of relevant information for Washington politicians, the universities, long the seedbed of liberal inspiration, turned inward. Between 1965 and 1975 as many Ph.D.s were produced as in the previous sixty-five years. This extraordinary growth meant that by the mid-seventies academia was so large as to constitute an audience for its own work. Thus the academic novel — the esoteric fiction written by English professors almost solely for other English professors.

There was in the seventies an inverse relationship between the rapid growth of a purely academic Marxism and the real life of the country. Smarting from the reelection of Richard Nixon, university leftists of the period seemed convinced that it was immoral to care about how the world really works since that could be taken as a rejection of their commitment to how it ought to work. Broadly speaking, academia turned away from the dross of the empirical world to pursue the joys, such as they are, of Pure Theory. For the most *au courant*, the very idea of progress was rejected in favor of one variety or another of French structuralist theory which saw humanity as trapped in the prison house of language. The "hottest" university thinker of the late-seventies, Michel Foucault, called for the forthright acceptance of "the disappearance of man" and the linked notions of selfhood, individuality, action, and responsibility. Try building a party platform around that. The one vital intellectual influence in the Democratic party of the period, neoliberalism, was largely

the creation of Washington journalists and only marginally influenced by academia.

Success has spoiled the conservative think tanks. AEI very nearly went bankrupt in 1986 and Heritage has been torn with internal strife over tax reform, which it supported ideologically but which was opposed by some of its key business donors. Perhaps the most successful of the new liberal think tanks springing up in the twilight of the Reagan years, the Center for National Policy, has engaged in Heritage-like two-fisted advocacy research. It's a style likely to dominate both sides of the ideological aisle in the coming years. The counter-establishment Blumenthal has described has not, as he suggests, gained a permanent lock on Washington policy. But it has created a new situation liberal activists will have to face from now on; unlike in the sixties, they can expect to have any and all of their proposals vigorously contested by the conservative policy shops created in the seventies.

If Blumenthal's *The Rise of the Counter-Establishment* is a thin broth that leaves the reader hungry for insights, Ferguson and Rogers's *Right Turn* is a meaty, if barely digestible, stew of minutiae mixed with overarching interpretation. The authors' neo-Beardianism, in which policy choices are reduced to the narrow interests policymakers are said to serve, produces sentences literally overflowing with factual nuggets. Why do some prominent Democrats support arms control? The answer according to Ferguson and Rogers is in the parentheses of this typical sentence:

Several leading multinational Democrats joined the board of the elite Arms Control Association, including Robert McNamara (former Secretary of Defense and president of the World Bank, and now a director of Shell and many other multinationals and a trustee of the Ford Foundation) and Admiral Bobby Inman (formerly Deputy Director of the CIA under Carter, and by then the head of MCC, the computer consortium whose mov-



ing spirit was William Norris, the longtime Democratic head of Control Data, close friend of Walter Mondale, and a champion of U.S.-USSR trade).

Whatever they are, the authors are not glib. By painstakingly linking every twist and turn of policy with the shifting needs of the business interests policymakers are associated with, they try to show that American politics has little to do with voters or popular sentiment. The elaborate business of elections and electioneering is, as they see it, simply a Punch and Judy Show, which masks the real politics of corporate manipulation.

Ferguson and Rogers argue that despite all appearances there "has been no right turn in public opinion corresponding to the right turn in public policy." Further, they note that "Democratic party identification with 'traditional' positions on New Deal issues was a major party strength, not weakness" over the last decade. They show, for instance, that on questions of environmental protection, federal lands, the minimum wage, regulatory policy, and affirmative action, public opinion moved in a liberal direction. That is, the public wanted the government to do more, not less, in these areas. Reagan's policies, in short, have been far less popular than Reagan; they have at times run directly counter to public desires. This is a point well taken, and though they don't note it, it's a point often made about the Roosevelt presidency as well.

There is, however, less to this argument than meets the eye. Take affirmative action, for instance. Yes, the public supports it, if it simply means more help for the disadvantaged. But if Ferguson and Rogers had looked at public senti-

ment on *racial quotas*, which was the issue as most people saw it, they would have gotten a very different answer. On a variety of issues Ferguson and Rogers don't mention, such as school prayer, the death penalty, and busing, support for Reagan's position was stronger than support for the president himself. They are right to see that poll results show that there wasn't a great deal of ideological opposition to government activism. There was, however, a practical opposition. Ferguson and Rogers never ask whether the public thought that government could actually deliver the goods in the areas where, like the Democrats, people wanted more government action. By and large the public was doubtful. Without a sense of government as an effective instrument of public purpose, a sense that ironically may have been restored by Ronald Reagan, the polls they cite are little more than wish lists. It was the loss of faith in government action more than anything else which made the rightward drift into Reaganism possible.

But let's push these problems aside for sake of Ferguson and Rogers's argument. For what follows from their denial of what most Americans have experienced over the past decade, is a discussion, at times fascinating, although difficult to follow, of how business, faced with foreign competition, mobilized its political resources to change the shape of American government.

For the authors, "what properly defines American party systems is not blocs of voters but patterns of interest-group alignment and coalitions among major investors." The investors they refer to are not businessmen buying shares in an enterprise but businesses investing in the political marketplace. The buyers in the political marketplace are those industries seeking political advantage, say oil import quotas or regulation favorable to aluminum as opposed to steel manufacturers. The sellers are the political parties whose products include licensing privileges and import quotas. The business interests moving into the political marketplace have to pay for the

privileges they seek with what the parties are buying, money, and to a lesser extent voters. In other words, as we learned in Watergate days, if you want to understand political power "follow the money."

The idea of the political marketplace, known academically as "public choice theory," is largely the brainchild of free marketeers such as James Buchanan, the recent Nobel prize winner in economics, but Ferguson and Rogers give the argument a left-wing twist. They define the New Deal, for instance, as "a new power bloc of capital-intensive industries, investment banks," and European-oriented commercial banks. The key element was the capital intensive firms which were relatively unthreatened by labor turbulence in the 1930s. There is an important insight here. Labor intensive industries were and are at the very heart of the Republican party. It's the labor intensive industries which have an interest, in part, in the success of Asian competition as a way to discipline their own workers.

Ferguson and Rogers's single-minded pursuit of the money trail leads them to some other less crucial but nonetheless important *aperçus*. They note, for instance, that while Naderites led the charge, it was the makers of catalytic converters who helped finance the fight for clean air. Similarly, it was Northeast real estate interests, whose investments in the older cities were being undercut by Reagan policies, who helped lead the charge against budget cuts for urban programs. But their approach is like a bright searchlight which brilliantly illuminates everything in its path only to deepen the darkness surrounding everything outside its ambit. Elections are outside that ambit as demonstrated by their earlier book on the 1980 election which explained how the corporate investors' choice, John Connally, became the fortieth president of the United States.

Mondale's 1984 failure, they argue, came from the "fatal bargain" he made with the business community to abandon Keynesianism and instead concentrate on the deficit issue. To be sure, business interests had an inordinate influence on the Mondale campaign. When Mon-

dale's rhetoric strayed into populist talk of economic redistribution, he was rebuked by his financial backers and responded oh-so-meekly explaining: "I'm sorry. There's nothing wrong with wanting to be rich; I want to be rich." But Mondale's dependence on business was not his alone, nor did it begin with the campaign. It was a party-wide dependence whose source can be traced less to the political activism of business than to the Democrats' abandonment of Keynesianism by the neo-liberal *avant la lettre*, Jimmy Carter.

In the late 1930s, the introduction of Keynesianism removed businessmen from what had been their central role in determining the nation's economic well-being. "In Keynes's system," as Herbert Stein points out, "businessmen were a passive element, sometimes erratic and unpredictable, but not responsible. They were like cows which might or might not give milk, and were valuable if they did, but they had no particular moral qualities." Responsibility and leadership were for the makers of government policy.

Insofar as the Keynesian framework of demand-management and deficits held sway, the political power of business was kept in check. But beginning in the 1976 presidential primaries, when Jimmy Carter and Jerry Brown competed to see who could be most outraged by what were then the record \$65 billion dollar deficits of the Ford administration, the Democrats began to pull the rug out from under their own feet. If elected, Carter promised a balanced budget by 1981. He failed, but not for lack of effort on either his or Mondale's part. When liberals protested Carter budget cuts for social spending, it was Mondale who faced them down. Carter, however, did more than undercut the eco-

nomic cornerstone of his party's political success. He opened the door for business's political resurgence. If Keynesian demand-management could no longer drive the economy, profits and the spokesmen for profit would once again have to lead the way.

Mondale's 1984 race with its emphasis on the deficit can best be understood as the third Carter campaign. In '84 as in '76 and '80, the Democrats campaigned against the Keynesian politics which had made them the majority party without having anything to replace Keynesianism but the "Old Time" castor oil of Republican austerity. Irving Shapiro, CEO of Dupont, summed up what had become of the Democrats in commenting on the 1984 election. "Mondale twenty years ago," he said, "would have been unacceptable to business." But he went on, "Look at Mondale as vice-president. The business community lived in his office." Short of the unlikely revival of Keynesian ideas, we can expect business to do the same in any future Democratic administration.



Perils of the haven hunters

Frances FitzGerald has an uncanny eye for the revealing social fact. In this study of four contemporary white American "cultures" — the gay males of San Francisco's Castro neighborhood; the fundamentalist Christians of Jerry Falwell's Lynchburg, Virginia, church and college; the "active" retirees of Sun City, Florida; and the Oregon disciples of the Indian guru Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh — she does not simply tell us about new forms of middle-class life in America, she evokes them, conjures them up. Her text has the concrete immediacy of documentary film.

She scrutinizes and dissects her subjects, but does not dismiss them. Somehow she manages to be sympathetic even when she is most critical. When her subjects are on the verge of appearing laughable or pathetic, she implicitly reminds us, and herself, of their humanity — and of their likeness to us. We are all products of the inherited American myth of "starting over," a myth that gives our life its distinctive frenzy, its unique hopefulness, and its special poignancy. *Cities on a Hill* is virtuoso cultural commentary.

In the Castro a major new "public" has emerged: gay males may not be more numerous today than a generation ago, but they are self-conscious, publicly demonstrative in parades and other rituals, politically organized and confident. The late Harvey Milk represented that new assurance and rootedness; he is the single hero of FitzGerald's book, which ordinarily keeps its cool anthropological distance from individuals. "Abstractions didn't interest him," she writes, in a sentence she might as well apply to herself. "His own immediate experience did. Energetic, sociable, gusty of temperament, he had a great capacity for sym-

CITIES ON A HILL

A JOURNEY THROUGH CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN CULTURE

Frances FitzGerald

Simon and Schuster, \$19.95, 414 pp.

Richard Wightman Fox

pathy and an even greater one for outrage."

FitzGerald brings the new Castro of the late 1970s sharply to life: the serious, dapper, "Edwardian" Castro that raised its nose at the messy counter-cultural gay style of the early 1970s. "Short hair was now the style — very short hair cut far above the ears; mustaches were clipped, and there wasn't a beard or a ponytail to be seen anywhere. And the new gear was cut to show off bulging deltoids, slim hips, and rippling stomachs. The muscles seemed to belong to the uniform — as did the attitude."

Like Falwell's fundamentalists and the Rajneeshes, the "Castroids, as they sometimes called themselves," underwent a decided *embourgeoisement* in the course of the seventies. Yet FitzGerald has an evident liking for the persistent democratic communalism of the Castro, which contrasts starkly with the patriarchal authority structure of the other three cultures she studies. Authority is personal and even despotic at Lynchburg and Rajneeshpuram, impersonal and corporate, but equally unanswerable at Sun City.

It is no accident that each of these three cultures exhibits a detectable anti-Semitic strain; only the Castro of the liberal Jew, Harvey Milk, preserves the cosmopolitan bourgeois ideals of the Enlightenment. The *embourgeoisement* of Lynchburg, Rajneeshpuram, and Sun City is always anti-intellectual, sometimes paranoid, implicitly *fascisant*. In the Castro, by contrast, FitzGerald is at

home. In the text she permits herself to tease a gay friend over his preference for moustache-less men — a familiar and familial gesture of a sort that she never risks in the other, far more alien cultures.

FitzGerald is brilliantly sensitive to uniforms, to the uniformity that social groups impose on themselves to fix their identity, mark their boundaries. If the look of the Castro in 1979 was well-scrubbed "cowboy or bush pilot," the look of the 18,000 members of Falwell's Thomas Road Church was also "fresh-faced and extraordinarily clean." The young women "wear their hair long, loose, and — almost uniformly — flipped and curled in Charlie's Angels style." The men "wear double-knit suits and sport gold wedding bands or heavy brass rings stamped with mottoes."

FitzGerald is on her guard here, alienated from the discourse of mission, conversion, and salvation. But she is captivated by the power of belief. And by its very real personal and social fruits. "As for the women involved — why, they might have invented this church, so heavily do the prohibitions fall on traditional male vices such as drinking, smoking, running around, and paying no heed to the children."

On one level the women are reduced to a life of subordination through service. On another level, being forced to cede at least the appearance of decision-making to one's husband "might be a small price to pay to get the father of your children to become a respectable middle-class citizen." FitzGerald relentlessly exposes the pinched parochialism of this provincial bourgeoisie. But she transcends the usual cosmopolitan condescension by attending to the genuine strength of fundamentalist culture: its determination to hold families together.

At Sun City outside Tampa, where all 8,500 residents must be over fifty and

without children, the desire for identity — in the literal sense of sameness — is equally intense. “Anyone visiting a retirement community for the first time would expect to be impressed by a uniformity of age. But Sun Citizens have so much else in common in the realm of appearance that age seems the least of it.” People wear golf clothes whether they are golfing or not. “At church on Sunday it’s difficult to recognize a female acquaintance from the back, since all the women have the same neat permanent wave; and in the winter about half of them will have on identical blond fur coats.”

FitzGerald is rightly awed by the creation, for the first time in human history, of planned communities restricted to older people, and rightly appalled by the concept of a communal life designed for the “growth” of adults but not the growth of children — a commitment Sun City shares with both the Castro and Rajneeshpuram. And she is very perceptive about the fundamental paradox of Sun City. “They had come to Sun City not to be old but to be young. To put it another way, they were attempting to despecialize old age.” They came not to retire but to enjoy the good life of golf, parties, drawing classes, and gardening — a separate life that would permit their grown children to have their own full adulthood, free of crusty, set-in-their-ways-in-laws.

FitzGerald’s essay on the Rajneeshes, by far the longest in the book and by far the best analysis to date of the rise and recent demise of the Bhagwan and his followers, continues the thread of the other chapters. Another group of white middle-class searchers devises a new social form in an effort to be reborn — and carefully demarcates its rituals from those of the surrounding, sometimes hostile, society.

“So there were therapy groups and meditations,” FitzGerald writes in the most biting passage in the book, “though the distinctions between them were not always clear . . . People were experimenting a lot with Tantric sex in and out of the therapy groups, either on general principles or in the hope of having some experience of the divine. Just whom any-

one was sleeping with seemed to have less importance than normally, for there were all kinds of love and energy going around . . . The problem was to lose your mind and be completely spontaneous — to live in the present, not the past or future. Bhagwan thought chaos helped.”

But FitzGerald refuses to dismiss even the Rajneeshes, who were good, traditional bourgeois modernizers despite their rejection of the bourgeois family and their naive surrender of democratic responsibility to the dictatorial Bhagwan and his ultimately homicidal aides. The Rajneeshes worked twelve hours a day and made the dry central Oregon ranchland bloom. Their flaw was their innocence, their smiling American embrace of a lofty communal future. The Bhagwan, for his part, scoffed privately at the naïveté of his American disciples. He did not trust them in positions of authority. They had too many inherited scruples about being moral and law-abiding.

FitzGerald gives us so much insight into contemporary American culture in her four essays that it is almost beside the point to complain about her final synthetic summation. But she could have gone further in generalizing about what her four groups do and do not have in common. She observes that each group is concerned with “identity,” with getting a fresh start, with being pragmatic. All share the distinctively American conceit that there’s no need to be tied down by the past.

But the conclusion does not do enough to place the four cultures in relation to one another. The Rajneeshes mounted by far the most drastic challenge to bourgeois middle-class ideals: they abandoned the division between work and leisure, and between public and private behavior, the bedrock disjunctions of modern American life. Like the men of Castro, the Sun Citizens, and Falwell’s legions, they sought the freedom to pursue a private life-style of their choice. But in their vision, all work was defined as play, and all thoughts were public. FitzGerald rightly sees totalitarian consequences in this flight from individual responsibility. The Bhagwan went far beyond Falwell in demanding that his followers surrender their per-

sonal identity to that of the community.

Yet even the Rajneeshes, whose withdrawal from American society might seem to be complete, were paradoxically wrapped up in the most stereotypically consumerist dreams. The therapeutic message of pop psychology was their ideological glue; their designer jogging suits were their everyday garb. The Rajneeshes, like the other groups, may have been starting over but they were taking their Jacuzzis and other middle-class emblems with them. Like the others they were building what Robert Bellah has called a “life-style enclave.” Sun City, Rajneeshpuram, and the Castro are the vanguard of what may be a much larger middle-class movement away from traditional family ideals, according to which the goal of the older generation was not just to seek its own future but to cultivate the younger generation and pass on a cultural heritage.

Only Falwell’s group preserves the inherited appeal to the family and to the young, though in his voice the appeal becomes formulaic, like the Bible verses which Lynchburg children are invited to memorize, not apply. Only Falwell, moreover, maintains the classic bourgeois missionary gesture: convert the other enclaves to the one true faith. But that rhetoric is increasingly vacuous; Falwell no longer judges the world, he gives it a beaming smile and a hefty handshake. His own life-style enclave more and more resembles the others, despite its greater age spread. It’s another place to learn how to maximize one’s potential, both in workaday, practical affairs and in the leisurely realm of spirit.

If FitzGerald is right, and I think she is, a new fragmentation is taking place in the white American middle-class. The regional, folk, and ethnic sub-cultures of the past are being replaced, but not by the homogenized mass society much predicted and much feared in mid-twentieth century American social analysis. They are being replaced, at least in liberal America and perhaps increasingly in conservative America, by a motley assortment of cultural refuges that share a common desire to grow and let grow. To each his or her own (adults-only) haven in a heartless world.

CHILDREN OF AFFLUENCE

DIARY OF A YUPPIE

Louis Auchincloss
Houghton Mifflin, \$16.95, 215 pp.

Daniel Morrissey

In three decades of fine fiction, Louis Auchincloss has described the mores of America's social elite from his vantage point as a partner in a Wall Street law firm. But in today's emergent ruling class, the young urban professionals, Mr. Auchincloss may have met his toughest challenge. Simply put, he must tell us why a generation with so much promise has panned out so poorly. The children of the affluent society, nurtured on the idealism of the sixties, have become the shallow status-seekers and rapacious consumers of the eighties. We expected as much from their parents, but this group was supposed to know better.

Auchincloss's archtypical representative of the who-says-you-can't-have-it-all generation is Robert Service, a thirty-two-year-old Columbia grad. Well married and the father of two darling girls, Bob has steadfastly toiled for the past eight years to prove himself worthy of partnership at an old-line New York law firm. Just when the prize is to be awarded, however, Service finds his standing jeopardized by what he sees as the pseudo-morality of traditional law practice.

Service's undoing begins when he tells his senior partner, Branders Blakelock, about a plan to blackmail an opponent in a contested tender offer with evidence Bob has dug out of the executive's wastebasket. Blakelock will not permit Bob to use the fruits of such a despicable invasion of personal privacy. Service is startled and flays Blakelock in his journal for "toting a bag of Puritan principles" into dogfights like corporate take-overs. Can a lawyer speak of ethics when he

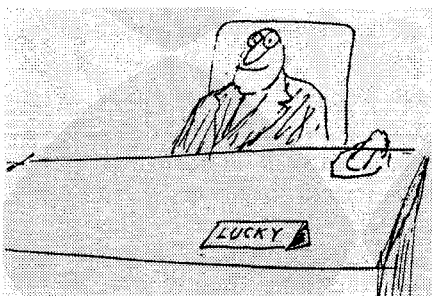
puts all his professional skills at the service of so greedy an economic system?

Service rightly finds Blakelock reeking of hypocrisy and offers that the modern world's antidote is a refreshing cynicism:

A man who is found to have bought stock on inside information or misrepresented his assets in a loan application . . . is not looked down on except by sentimentalists. He's simply being caught. Even the public understands that. Watergate showed it. You break the rules, pay the penalty, and go back to the game.

Service's exposure of sham spares no aspect of conventional virtue or piety. He traces the origins of his hard-edged view to the embarrassment he felt when his parents covered their underachievement with a pretense of duty and love. Even his Protestant church gave out the subtle message that real success is power while the "multitudinous majority" in the congregation should be left with the sops of "dignity" and "honor."

As the novel develops, Service plays out the ramifications of his intellectual honesty. The argument over tender-offer tactics precipitates his break from both the firm and his wife Alice, an ethically sensitive woman who is repulsed by the now more explicit statements of his social philosophy. Bob then finds in a bright and attractive fund-raising consultant the ideal urban professional consort: "Was it love? . . . she wouldn't discuss it



— just as she wouldn't discuss anything abstract, an afterlife, the deeper meaning of things. Sylvia lived for the here-and-now as did no epicurean I had ever known."

At this point, the reader might think that in Service's heartless attitude and avowedly self-serving conduct Auchincloss has concocted the perfect prescription for the eighties good life. All does go well for Bob, as Sylvia introduces him to the leaders of contemporary New York society, providing him a bonanza of clients for the new law firm he has founded. Yet in all this success Service feels a relentless tug back to Alice, who "always rings true," the great exception to his categories of shams.

Confused by his inability to make a final break from his wife, Bob seeks counsel from a prep school teacher under whose tutelage he had come to appreciate the poetry of Wordsworth and Gerard Manley Hopkins. The mentor neatly analyzes the dilemma that the modern world has forced on Service: "Lots of people are utterly content with the rewards of this world. But you have been vouchsafed a vision of better things . . . you were mixing two incompatible things: a real love of beauty with a real love of success. And perhaps that hasn't been possible since the Renaissance."

There it is, the source of young urban professional malaise. These people do know better — at heart they want an economic and legal system more humanistic than the one bequeathed to them by Blakelock's Calvinist ancestors. My law school classmates, now in their mid-thirties, speak of the "golden handcuffs" that bind them to lucrative but uninspiring work.

In the end Service forswears overt cynicism and makes his accommodation to the conventions of the current order. The system continues and we are forced by our limitations to work within its unsatisfying constraints. The reader can imagine Auchincloss, now at retirement age, smiling wryly at his yuppie's self-styled semi-conversion. One senses with gratitude, however, that we haven't heard the last from Bob Service or his still-promising generation.

SCIENTIFIC INTIMACIES

IN THE NAME OF EUGENICS

GENETICS AND THE USES OF HUMAN HEREDITY

Daniel J. Kevles

Knopf, \$22.95, 426 pp.

BROKEN CODE

THE EXPLOITATION OF DNA

Marc Lappé

Sierra Club, \$17.95, 354 pp.

Thomas A. Shannon

The impact of science on the lives of individuals or societies has nowhere been more clearly felt than with genetics. Through genetics, operating either as a science or as an ideology, lives have been changed, bodies altered, eating habits affected, social policy set, and medicine changed. And, interestingly enough, one must study genetics as much as an ideology as a science — whether one reads Galton or the most recent theories of single gene therapy. For what we understand as the science of genetics has its home in the ideology of eugenics. The two are intertwined.

This dialectic relationship is clearly indicated in the title of Daniel J. Kevles's well-written study. This book traces the development of genetics in two interesting and complementary ways; first, by developing the history of genetics through a presentation of the biographies of the main actors in that history; second, by presenting the development of the science of genetics in the ideological and socio-political contexts of its development. Thus one gains a clear picture of both the development of scientific information as well as the application of that information to social policy and individual human beings.

Although genetics had a certain amount of a basic research dimension in

its origin — solving problems regarding the mechanisms of evolution — it is clearly an applied science — oriented toward improving the race by increasing the number of men of reputation through judicious marriages. Kevles's study demonstrates the continuance of this dual nature up to our time, shown by efforts on the one hand to map out the structure of the gene and, on the other, to use this knowledge to improve the race.

Kevles's lucidly written history also provides an interesting locus for debating once again the alleged value: freedom of science. For scientists were motivated and led in their research not so much by where the data led as by their ideas of a better society and who should be in charge of society. It is perhaps not unremarkable that in every age the leaders of the eugenics movements thought that everyone would resemble themselves. What is remarkable — and depressing — is how often Kevles is able to tell the same tale.

The book is an admirable mixture of clear science reporting, interesting and insightful historiography, and ethical commentary, sometimes by implication, other times by direct comment. The volume provides an excellent overview of the main lines of the development of a field of science, as well as providing a commentary on the uses and abuses of technological power.

Marc Lappé, on the other hand, provides a detailed account of one aspect of the science of genetics: the recombinant DNA debate. For those who are familiar with the debate but are unsure of the terminology, techniques, and applications, Lappé's book is an excellent starting point. The book has both informational chapters and appendices which detail in clear, helpful language what DNA is about.

On the other hand, Lappé also provides a detailed account of developments

in the field, applications of the technology, considerations of environmental implications, its use in biochemical warfare, as well as a consideration of ethical issues raised by or associated with the technology. The book is a good blend of both science and social-ethical commentary by one who has joined in these discussions as a participant-observer for many years.

Lappé chronicles how developments in technology profoundly shifted the ethical questions. At first, the concerns were focused around the issues of privacy and confidentiality inherent in screening programs and genetic counseling. These concerns were dramatically changed, in 1972, when genes were first transferred from one organism to another. The issues then focused on laboratory safety and biohazards posed by escaping organisms. These problems, too, have gone by the way and Lappé argues that we now face two major problems: ecological problems caused by the environment and the priorities chosen by large biotech companies. The book provides a thorough and careful analysis of these issues. While Lappé avoids the apocalyptic tone of many other commentators, he does not shy away from critical analysis of these issues.

Lappé singles out three ethical issues as the most critical for our age: does the biotechnology industry have any obligation to serve the public good? Does the biotechnology industry have a special duty to enhance freedom of inquiry? Does the biotechnology industry have an obligation to anticipate and offset adverse effects of developments that escape its existing controls. This way of identifying the ethical questions is important because it assumes and accepts the developments in place, recognizes the safety record of the past, and now focuses on the implications of the large-scale industrial applications of genetic engineering.

Both of these books present different, but frequently complementary, pictures of developments in genetics. While Kevles is historical and developmental and Lappé is scientific and environmental, both focus on the eugenic aspects of the new — and old — genetics, and both

are critically aware of the promise and perils of the technologies. Both books make an excellent introduction, over-

view, and commentary on one of the most profound scientific discoveries of our day: the gene.

The blood-letting which Uys portrays in graphic form contrasts sharply with the contemporary image of the amiable, fun-loving Brazilian, and is a useful reminder of the capacity for violence which lurks not far from the surface in Brazil.

Given the scope of Uys's undertaking, one may legitimately point out inclusions, omissions, and slights which may distort his portrait of Brazil. For example, he devotes considerable space to a graphic description of the 1755 Lisbon earthquake, of marginal import to Brazilian history. One may quarrel with the comparatively short shrift he gives to the experience of black Brazilians (his treatment of the runaway-slave settlements and their struggles to remain free — depicted in the recent movie *Quilombo* — is somewhat cursory) and the career of populist President Getulio Vargas, whose influence upon Brazilian politics remains strong to this day. The story of the surprise transfer of the Portuguese monarchy to Brazil in 1808 and of the first decades of royal rule is told in flashback form, which not only dilutes or bypasses such colorful figures as the hirsute, ambitious, passionate, and ultimately murderous Queen Carlota, the womanizing monarch Pedro I and his mistress, the Marquesa de Santos, but also neglects the transformation of Rio de Janeiro from a sleepy colonial town to the capital of the nation. Indeed, Rio and its contributions to the Brazilian soul remain rather neglected throughout the book.

The decision to end the book with the birth of Brasilia is a felicitous one. The realization of President Juscelino Kubitschek's dream may mark a watershed in Brazilian history. During the late 1950s a giddy optimism took hold as the country felt itself surge forward. Industrialization, the winning of the World Cup soccer title for the first time, and the musical creativity which produced the *bossa nova* all contributed to a widespread feeling that at last Brazil was beginning to approximate its potential.

Uys nicely captures this euphoria in his concluding pages. But in the years that followed, Kubitschek's economic policies triggered an inflationary spiral; the raised expectations of the poor de-

TRACING A NATION'S CHARACTER

BRAZIL

Errol Lincoln Uys

Simon and Schuster, \$18.95, 1,005 pp.

Joseph A. Page

In counterpoint to the recent Terry Gilliam film, *Brazil*, which has nothing whatsoever to do with the country, Errol Lincoln Uys's mega-novel of the same name marches briskly across five centuries of Brazilian history, from the decade preceding the arrival of the first Portuguese explorers to the inauguration of the new capital, Brasilia, in 1960.

It is, to say the least, an ambitious task to which Uys has set himself. Brazil's past is a richly detailed tapestry of great events and strong personalities, as well as a living organism embodied in a national character which emerges from the confrontation and intermingling of three races. It is also the saga of a physical environment both seductive and intractable, shaping and dominating all comers, from the earliest settlers to a stream of immigrants from Europe, Asia, and even the Confederate States of America.

Uys succeeds in bringing to life most of the great events and currents of Brazilian history by interweaving fictional characters with historical figures. They are a varied and vibrant lot — cannibals and missionaries, masters and slaves, nobles and peasants, warriors and dreamers — following their own diverse visions of self-fulfillment in a land which offered unlimited hope.

The author assembles what appears with scant hyperbole to be a cast of thousands. His major focus is upon two families, the one acquiring vast landholdings in the sugar-growing region of the

northeast, the other contributing pioneers, prospectors, and entrepreneurs to São Paulo in the south. The four pages of genealogical charts at the end of the book contain but a fraction of his *dramatis personae*.

Brazil is more a novelized history than a historical novel, in the sense that its primary concern is to convey a sense of the country's past rather than to impose the author's imagination upon actual events and transform them to suit some higher literary end.

The latter has become the particular province of Latin American writers. One need only compare Uys's rather straightforward treatment of the nineteenth-century war against Paraguay with the magic spell which Joao Ubaldo Ribeiro casts in *Viva o povo brasileiro* ("Long Live the Brazilian People," a prize-winning novel which covers much of the same historical ground). In Ribeiro's fanciful version, an *orixa*, or African-cult divinity under whose protection a young black soldier has been placed, intervenes on behalf of the Brazilians in one of the decisive battles of the war.

For the most part, *Brazil* succeeds surprisingly well as historiography. The reader comes away with an appreciation of the turbulence and complexity of Brazil's past and the major conflicts which have shaped its present. Uys is fond of and skilled at depicting episodes of carnage, an unfortunate and recurring phenomenon which has contributed to the decimation of the original natives. There were some six million Indians in what is now Brazil when the first Portuguese arrived. Today the entire Indian population could gather within the confines of Rio de Janeiro's principal soccer stadium.

stabilized the country; the military intervened, governed for two decades, and not only stimulated growth but also transferred massive amounts of wealth from the poor to the rich; long-neglected social problems caused crime and delinquency which have been shredding the social fabric; and the ravages of environmental

degradation began to ruin what was once a tropical and subtropical paradise.

Time alone will tell whether the indomitable Brazilians will surmount the critical dilemmas they now face. When the issue resolves itself, Uys will have a worthy sequel to this readable, informative, commendable book.

AWAKENING THE SENSES

IN THE ORCHARD

Charles W. Pratt

The Tidal Press, \$22, \$15 paper, 62 pp.

John Fandel

Each of the thirty-three poems in Charles Pratt's first collection has something fresh and new, an image, a line, an idea, so in reading them you have continuous rewards, little surprises to make you smile, or ponder or take delight. The man shouldering logs, for example, "when a log slips from his shoulder / At last, like guilt or a cherished injury," feels "For a moment he's almost light enough to fly." Boulders in an old field are "knucklebones / Of buried giants." In spraying apple trees, the farmer is "Dressed like an astronaut or lunatic / Religious in hooded / Waterproof, respirator, goggles." From a hilltop, the stargazer sees "stars / At eyelevel quiver in the night. / Looking through branches, you'd guess airplanes, / But watch a while and they still keep their place." A porcupine is "A small fur hat some passing Russian's left." Five poems yield these; you can find ten times as many in the rest.

The first thirteen poems were written while Pratt lived on a small apple orchard. A half year's leave of absence from teaching gave him the time to complete this sequence, supported by The New Hampshire Commission of the Arts and The National Endowment for the Arts. Outdoor poems, they have indoor

musings. You see through a clear eye the seasons of outdoor work and play; the indoor seasons you see, too, through an inner eye just as clear. You feel the cold and the heat. You hear apples fall — you almost hear them grow.

You get all the senses awakened in "Harvest," especially in the image of pressing windfalls to cider:

Sunnyellow
Hornets, now, mellowed from
when,
In August, the mower brought their
stinging
Hubbub up from underground,
Nuzzle my sticky fingers, gentle as
cows,
Swoon to that foaming sweetness
where they drown.

Raising apples, besides, gives him the opportunity for an Adam, as well as an Eve, poem, "On the Beauty of the Universal Order," a fine poem, serious and amusing; the Eve poem, "The Gift," after his looking at a stained glass window by Gabriel Loire, brightly closes the orchard poems.

The remaining poems have arresting contrasts as in "Raking Leaves in New England," vain beauty contrasting dark purity, a subtle, deeply so, poem. "Winter Squash" yields the rich comparison between spirit seeking matter and Pratt's going into the root cellar, a crafted metaphor. The comparison between a crooked house, "Vermont House," and the mind, is playful, instructive. One contrast I especially like is in "Driving to Cape Cod," the way it was in the days when Pratt's father drove and the family saw what he slowed down to see, and the

way it is now "On a strip of macadam laid down like the law." The contrast between Frost and Ransom playing ball, "Two Poets in Vermont," is rare fun. "Thirty-five," his youth contrasted with his anticipated age, yields:

The wall around your garden is the
price

That must be paid for any paradise
and

At sixty let me have a lover's nerve
To let the inside out, the outside in.

The contrasts in the family poems are strong, too, the poem for Tim, his son, and the poem for Sarah, his daughter, and all the love poems for Joan, his wife, but especially "The Poet Attempts to Console His Wife, Who Has Just Put His Wallet through the Washing Machine," with its last two marvelous lines:

And what the wallet did when it
was washed
Was put you in my arms; and so we
kissed.

Pratt's theory of writing is as nice as what comes of it: "I recently read in a dentist's waiting room a magazine article which explained that paying quiet, careful attention to something outside of oneself is good for the blood pressure. The act of writing is to me a way of paying such attention, and thereby of bringing self and outside world into harmony. To the extent that I've succeeded, perhaps the reader will experience a similar sense of harmony, and enjoy a similar improvement of the blood pressure." I read this collection for the first time just be-

REVIEWS

RICHARD WIGHTMAN FOX *teaches history and humanities at Reed College in Oregon. He is the author of Feinhold Niebuhr: A Biography (Pantheon).*

THOMAS A. SHANNON *is a professor of religion and social ethics at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute.*

DANIEL MORRISSEY *is presently teaching corporate law at Seton Hall University Law School in Newark, New Jersey.*

JOHN FANDEL *was Commonweal's poetry editor from 1964 to 1979. His books of poetry include Testament and Body of Earth.*

JOSEPH A. PAGE *is the author of Peron: A Biography (Random House).*

fore a check-up by my doctor; my blood pressure was down. So I re-read the poems, though they excite me.

They have excited other poets to praise. Kumin calls them elegant and clean; Nims calls them tangy and redolent; Reeve calls them friendly and compassionate; and Hope says they are quirky, sinewy. I would add, delightful and wise. Reading galleys, I have not seen the Balderacchi illustrations; if they are anything like the poems they must be smart and joyous. Such an entertaining, satisfying book — look at his fable in French with his English translation for a charming contrast — published by an elegant and wise small press.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 98)

an attitudinal shift in medicine at first hand: Doctors Sullivan, Field, and Victor all saw Hitler's death camps from the inside. Walter's gentle suggestion that opposition to elective starvation springs from a fixation on technology or a failure adequately to consider the patient is, I believe, profoundly misplaced. In the case of food and fluids, we encounter an ethical barrier that must never again be allowed to fall.

PATRICK G. DERR

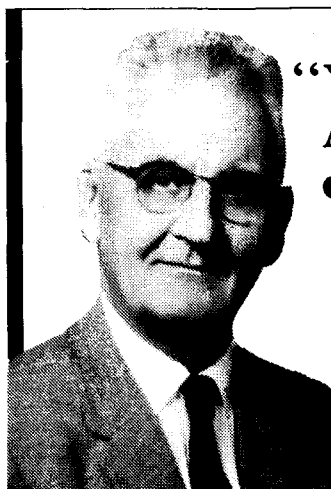
The author replies:

Professor Derr's response to my article on withdrawing artificial nutrition and hydration from patients in a persistent vegetative state indicates again how disagreements over this sensitive issue can arise. As I understand Derr, he believes that my argument is misplaced because we, as a society, have already failed to prevent the euthanasia of conscious patients who are severely handicapped. Though I cannot answer all the questions Derr raises, I would like to address some of the underlying assumptions of his response.

First, the question that I raised towards the end of my article was more carefully posed than Professor Derr possibly realized. I used the word "euthanasia" to distinguish clearly the withdrawal or

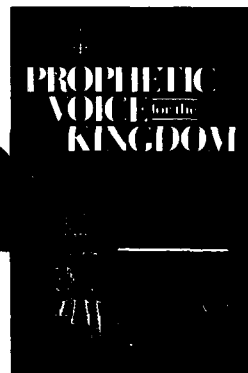
refusal of artificial nutrition from the moral act of euthanasia. As I understand the medical-moral literature on euthanasia, the word means to perform an action to bring about the death of a patient or to refuse or withdraw medical treatment unjustifiably. Thus, euthanasia in a moral sense always denotes the intent to kill the patient. Now, Derr implies

in his quotation from Dr. Leo Alexander ("The barriers against killing are coming down.") that all acts of refusal or withdrawal of artificial food and water are performed with the aim of killing the patient. I think such an assumption begs the question. If artificial hydration and nutrition can be classified as medical technology, then their refusal or with-



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The Divinity School,
The Univ. of Chicago

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Religion & Society

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one-of-a-kind churchman. Gregory Jackson has tied together the threads of A.D.'s life into an appealing tapestry."

Glenn C. Stone
Editor, Lutheran Forum

This account of A.D. Mattson's pioneering struggle to awaken the social consciousness of the church brings an important message for today. Based on incisive research which included previously unpublished material from Mattson's files and letters, the book throws fresh and

revealing light on the spiritual growth of the Augustana church into a vital force for the Kingdom of God on Earth.

Part III of the book is a complete reprint of Mattson's *Social Responsibility of Christians*, his Knubel-Miller Foundation Lectures.

Conrad Bergendoff says in the Foreword:

"In some ways, 'A.D.' was a representative of a pioneer period in our church, not the period of peopling new lands and cities, but of a period of transition in which the church faces a new world. It is a world of social turmoil, troubled consciences, of lip service to traditional religion but life service to modern idolatry. On this frontier he was a fearless explorer and faithful pastor. For years to come the church will recognize the fruits of his ministry."

Published by the Augustana Historical Society in cooperation with The Lutheran School of Theology at Chicago.

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drawal need not at all be aimed at the death of the patient, but can be, as I argued in my article, "objective assessments of not only the limits of our abilities to heal but also of our limits to control the time of a person's death."

Second, Derr's response appears to assume that we cannot make proper distinctions among those who are severely handicapped and conscious. Surely, there is a real distinction between a Claire Conroy, who was a minimally conscious 84-year-old nursing home resident suf-

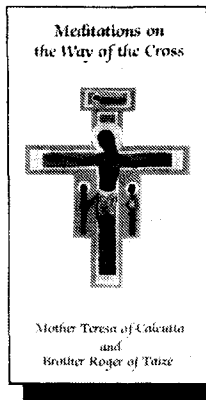
fering from irreversible physical and mental impairments, and an Elizabeth Bouvia, who had requested her physicians to help her starve herself to death because she no longer wanted to endure the handicap that she had lived under since birth. Both patients fit into the general category of the severely handicapped and conscious, but Conroy was dying, and her ability to pursue and attain values beyond biological existence was essentially non-existent. Neither of these conditions was present with Ms. Bouvia.

Thus, in my opinion the court decision to permit the withdrawal of artificial nutrition from Conroy was basically correct, just as the decision on the part of the physicians and hospital administrators not to aid Bouvia in her act of self-destruction was correct. I, unlike Professor Derr, believe that we can discover real distinctions where they truly exist, but I do not think, as Derr seems to believe, that the best policy to curb abuse is to refuse to enter into this discovery by erecting an "ethical barrier that must never again be allowed to fall."

Third, I detect in Derr's response an assumption that because a patient is conscious at some minimal level, that this life is sacred and thus in need of preservation in all cases. Theologically, life, even conscious life, is not the highest good, and thus it does not need to be preserved under any and all conditions. What is at stake here is what I argued in my article, namely, that we must take into consideration in our decision-making the burden of the kind of life that will accrue to the patient as a result of artificial feeding. This is what I meant by a "quality of life" consideration. Broadly speaking, I think that some conscious patients like Conroy are in fact dying, and most probably we are only prolonging their dying by inserting a gastrostomy tube. Rather than extending their dying, we ought to learn how to make them more comfortable while they spend their last days or hours with us.

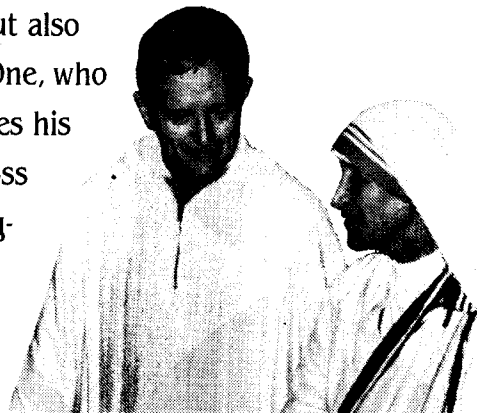
Finally, I think that we must approach these cases with utmost caution. Many of the patients who are in a persistent vegetative state, and many of those who are minimally conscious, do not have family to plead their best interests. However, I am not at all convinced that Derr's allusions to "Hitler's death camps" are helpful as we attempt to discern the public policy which should guide our decision-making. In fact, I fear that making loose comparisons between the "attitudinal shift" which has taken place in this coun-

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try over the past few years (e.g., the president's commission and the A.M.A.) concerning the proper care of these patients and the shift in attitude which took place in the early years of Nazi Germany will only engage people's viscera and not their brains.

JAMES J. WALTER

Jerusalem & Rome

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: Professor F.G. Friedmann's article ["The Vatican, Israel & Holy Zion," September 26] raises several important issues. It also contains some inaccuracies. It is misleading, for example, to insinuate that the International Jewish Committee for Interreligious Consultations (IJCIC) is representative solely of diaspora Jews. Of the five organizations that make up IJCIC, one is Israeli and two others, B'nai B'rith and World Jewish Congress, have Israeli sections. The American Jewish Committee also maintains an office in Israel. IJCIC's immediate past chair was an Israeli, Professor Shemeryahu Talmon of Hebrew University.

The International Liaison Committee (ILC), then, quite properly focuses on the relationship between the church and the whole Jewish people, including the Jews of Israel. Just as properly, matters of state diplomacy between the Holy See and the State of Israel will continue to be handled by the Vatican Secretariat of State. How else?

It is equally misleading to speak of "Jewish demands for ever new confessions of guilt" from the churches. In my experience, such calls for repentance have emanated from Catholic circles, such as the bishops of Germany, Cardinal Roger Etchegaray of France, or the Catholic religious communities of Israel, not from Jewish organizations. What Jews do require from us, and with good reason, is that we mend our ways, stamp out all vestiges of anti-Semitism from our midst, and show understanding of and concern for their deepest aspirations and fears. These are, however, simply the essential elements, in action, of the love we profess to have for them. They are the building blocks of trust, not some kind of manipulative guilt trip.

It is odd that Friedmann would accuse

the dialogue of being unaware of "the problem of human survival" immediately after citing the Vatican *Notes'* moving plea for joint social action for justice and peace. The themes he raises have, in fact, been taken up in various ILC meetings, though surely the problems remain and much more effort is urgently needed. In this country, such concerns have been central to the dialogue for some time, as a perusal of the list of topics of the National Workshops on Christian-Jewish Relations over the years will readily show. Likewise, Friedmann might want to read the two volumes of papers from the NCCB consultations with the Synagogue Council of America (E. Fisher and D. Polish, eds., *The Formation of Social Policy in the Catholic and Jewish Traditions*, University of Notre Dame Press, 1980, 1983).

Finally, I am interested in the way Professor Friedmann has posed the perennial question of the relationship between church teaching and practice, a question which was not central to my mind when I wrote the paper he kindly cites. Briefly, I think I would see a much closer relationship between theory and praxis in church history than Professor Friedmann would seemingly allow, though it is true that theory on some occasions follows praxis, as in the surges of anti-Jewish atrocities in medieval times, as if to rationalize misdeeds already done. On the other hand, in Italy where papal canon law was most consistently enforceable because the pope was head of state, there were relatively few pogroms or other instances of mass violence against Jews over the centuries, which would indicate that church teaching which prohibited such measures as forced baptism can have a real effect. And it is a fact that anti-Semitic acts tended to increase dramatically throughout European history during Holy Week. So theology is by no means the wholly irrelevant category that Freidmann would have us believe it to be.

EUGENE J. FISHER

Fury over porn

Cincinnati, Ohio

To the Editors: I thought John Garvey's "Tolerance Limits" [September 26] was

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the single best thing I've ever read on the pornography question, and so I sent a sort of recapitulation of Garvey's main points to my friend John Gordon, with whose views on pornography I've disagreed somewhat over the years. This is what I got back from Gordon:

"Yes, of course people have the right to picket stores that sell pornographic magazines, exercising their constitutional rights and all. But, (1) It becomes something else when this picketing is part of an organized campaign coordinated with a threatening letter from the Attorney General, on behalf of his mickey-mouse Pornography Commission, asking the directors of various chains whether, by chance, they sell such and such magazines, and whether they intend to continue doing so. One remembers the days of Spiro Agnew, when on Wednesday the veep would make a speech about radic-lib media, and on Thursday the F.C.C., responding to 'popular demand,' would put the arm on some inconvenient station. One recalls that Agnew's supporters were in the habit of saying that, after all, he was just exercising his constitutional right to speak out, just like any other citizen. *Disingenuous* is the word for this line.

"(2) These people by and large aren't content to stop buying their wares at such and such places; no, they *will* speak out, and when they do, they speak the most awful rot. Of course they have the right to do that too, just as they have the right to dress up as giant chickens and drop their trousers on national television. But I wish they wouldn't.

"(3) I go into, say, the local 'Store 24.' Twisted Sister or Barry Manilow are being played at loud volume in the background. Packages of addictive carcinogens are displayed and promoted beside the check-out counter. *Soldier of Fortune*, a magazine which until recently carried classified advertisements for hired murderers and which continues to provide instructions on how to obtain silencers or rig up semi-automatic weapons, sits between *Money* and *Glamour* in the magazine rack. The book rack consists mainly, judging from the covers, of incitements to mayhem and sado-masochistic lust. The newspa-

per rack contains two newspapers — one from New York and one from Boston — run by Rupert Murdoch. The cereal section consists mainly of boxes of fibrous nuggets of refined sugar packaged in a way calculated to appeal irresistibly to children, who have been repeatedly urged by the same television which has already zombified them beyond repair to demand them from their parents. I take my purchase to the counter, where I encounter a slatternly sales-girl wearing over her left breast a button bearing some labored *double-entendre* involving the word 'it.' Behind her are displays of rubbers, vaginal lubricants, feminine hygiene sprays, papers for rolling marijuana cigarettes, pipes for smoking concentrated cocaine, a poster of the leader of a rock-group named 'Kiss' vomiting blood on stage, and samples of the Garbage Pail Kids, a line of ugly and semi-deformed dolls designed to capitalize on the natural cruelty of children. Now someone walks in and on behalf of some group or other demands that, in the name of common decency, the proprietor stop stocking magazines with photos of naked women. This person, I submit, is deranged.

"The problem isn't really censorship . . . The problem is that one is asked to submit to the tastes of people who watch the 700 Club and hang paintings of clowns on the knotty-pine walls of their dens."

Gordon's fine fury does, it seem to me, get at some things Garvey's carefully-balanced argument leaves out. Anyway, his essay and Gordon's response add up to the best thing I've read on pornography in a good while.

WILLIAM C. DOWLING

Master director

Darien, Ill.

To the Editors: Tom O'Brien's interview with Alain Cavalier [December 26], the creator and director of the film, *Therease*, was just excellent. It was wonderful to learn the background to this marvelous film. It is not scandalous or blasphemous. It is not a documentary, nor is it propaganda. It is a masterpiece. Everyone should see it Twice!

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MYSTIFIED BY DECONSTRUCTION, Structuralism, "Neo-Marxism"? William C. Dowling, JAMESON, ALTHUSSER, MARX. \$6.95 + 1.00 postage, Cornell University Press, 124 Roberts Pl., Ithaca, N.Y. 14851-0250.

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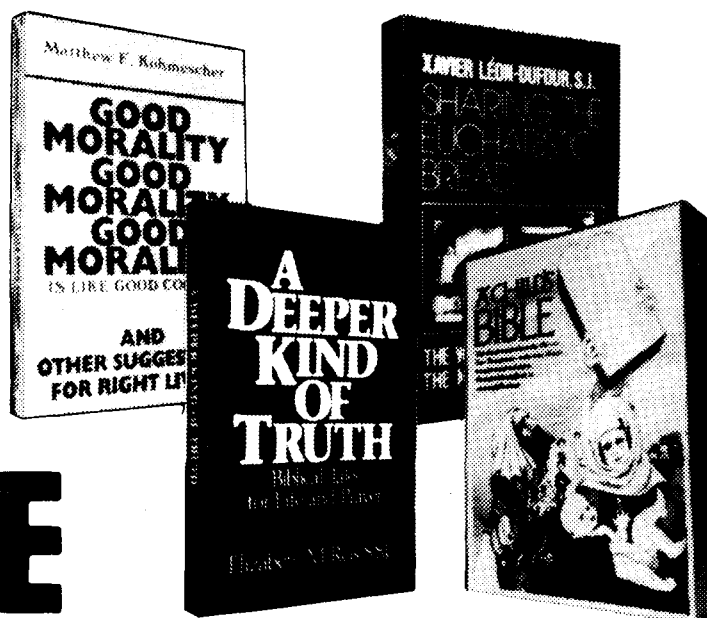
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INTELLECTUALS AND RELIGION



Recently *The New York Times Magazine* carried an article on the "return to religion" among intellectuals. From Harvard to Berkeley, among both professors and students, and amid inquisitive people generally, there is an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This interest is largely a result of the failures of secular substitutes for religion (such as rationalism, narcissism, technological utopianism, aestheticism, and extremist political ideologies) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

By no means, however, does this religious reawakening entail falling into the suffocating arms of a Rev. Moon or a Jerry Falwell, or embracing the ersatz gods of dog-eat-dog individualism, consumerism, or America First, which we see celebrated all around us these days. Nor does the religious renaissance imply a retreat from working for peace and justice. Rather, there is an awareness that, in the words of Jean Bethke Elshtain, religious commitment "can help further social reform," and that religion can supply the ethical bedrock upon which to make political commitments which are far more solid than those based on passing ideologies and enthusiasms. Nor does the new openness to religion signify a hostility to science, but rather an appreciation of the limits of science and the dangers

of pseudo-scientific messianisms.

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